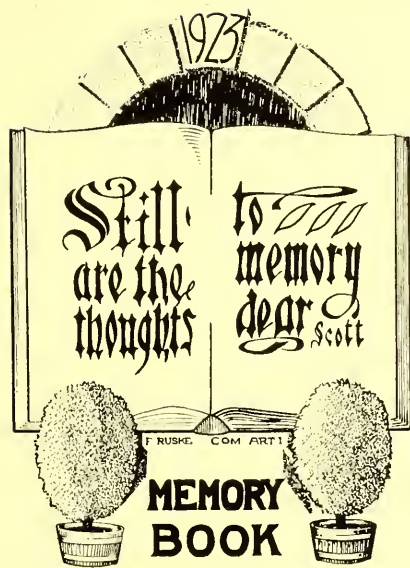
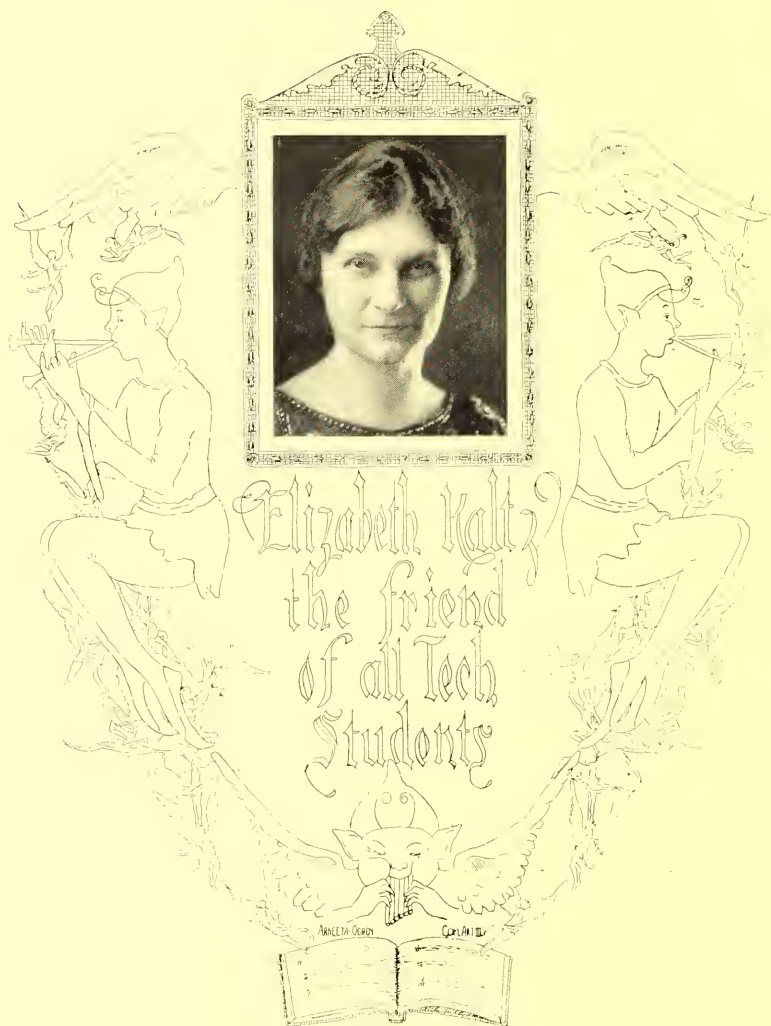


The Arsenal Tannon

ATS
JUNE
1923

Lillian Van Jelgerhoes
Com. Art. IV









SECRETARY
LOUISE RICE



PRESIDENT
CLEO PETERSON



VICE-PRESIDENT
SUZANNE KOLHOFF

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

JUNE 1923



TREASURER
JOHN M. FITZGERALD



H. AGNES SEARCH - WILL MAKERS



FREDERICK SHICK



SERGEANT AT ARMS
CARL BERNHARDT



SONG WRITER
LOUISE SPILLMAN



POET
HELEN OGDEN



HISTORIAN
RICHARD J. FRAZEE



VIRGINIA ROSE FOXWORTHY - PROPHETS



LANE SCHULTZE



Elizabeth Adams



Pauline Louise Adams



Ruthe A. Adams



Vera Elise Adamson



Leon Adler



Charles H. Albersmeier



George F. Aliq



Mary Catherine Anderson



Tom Anderson



Dorothy Avels



Maxine L. Baird



Kenneth O. Baker



Dorothea Baldwin



Elmer Allen Baldwin



Rosamonde A. Barbier



George Bass



Edith Helen Bateman



R. Norman Baxter



Hazel C. Bell



Bernice Bender



Reba Benjamin



Pauline C.F. Beyersdorfer



Marquerite Billo



W. Earl Deyer



Leonard Blum



Wilma B. Boles



John H. Bolte



Herman Edwin Borchers



Claude Owen Brewer



Neva Brewer



Samuel H. Brewer



Richard Bromert



Joseph T. Brooks



Robert K. Brooks



Emily Dean Grossman



Ralph Broughman



Dorothy Lucile Brown



Elizabeth Brown



Esther Frances Brown



Walter S. Browning



Mary Joann Bruns



Myrtle Louise Brunsma



Frank J. Bryan



Truman Bullard



Richard W. Bunch



Robert E. Burt



Jack Byers



Dorothy E. Byfield



Alice Byram



Fred M. Cagwin



Bernice Cain



Alvin J. Caldwell



Howard Caldwell



Helen Lecil Calvert



Kathryn Irene Carmichael



Julia Mildred Casey



David O. Chance



Gladys Mayne Christie



George R. Clark



Forest D. Clements



Elizabeth Coffey



Marcus E. Coffman



Josephine H. Coggins



Ruby M. Colwell



Jess A. Conway



Lester M. Cooley



M. Cornelia Cooney



George Cottrell



Frances L. Cougill



George E. Critzer



Louis G. Crooks



Catherine Cryan



Richard Culver



Anna Cunningham



Herbert Oliver Cushing



Kennard J. Davies



Elbert Davis



Mary Decker



Charlotte A.M. DeFord



Mary Evelyn Demaree



Chester H. Demmayr



Garrett DeMott



Helen Louise DeMotte



Albert W. Denny



George H. Denny



Leon E. Desautel



George Edwin Dietz



James H. Dinwiddie



Ruth Dinwiddie



Ruth Esther Doser



Margaret Ruth Drake



Rosa M. Dudenhoeffer



Harold Elston Dukes



Emily Dunbar



Margaret Jane Dunlavy



Alberta L. Durler



Esther Eberhardt



Ralph Eberhart



Albert W. Ehlers



Clarence F. Elbert



E. Paul Emerit



Mildred L. Fellows



Annabelle Fields



Charlotte Fischer



Laura M. Fiscus



Gilbert E. Frazier



William A. Furgason



Genevieve C. Furnas



John W. Gamble



Blanche Gardner



Louise Imbler Gaskins



George Gosper



Paul E. Gobhauer



Catharine Brandt



Charlotte Gilman



Irma Harriet Gloyd



Opal Doris Gold



Helen Gordon



F. Louise Gordon



Max Gordon



Margaret Graham



Ardis M. Graybill



Bertha Green



James S. Gresham



Harry B. Griffey



Charlotte Grossman



Donald Gullion



Katherine Hackmeyer



Will N. Hamilton



Pauline Hartley



Laurine Harvey



Leva Hatch



Eva Mildred Heller



Hazel Helsly



Orville Martin Henderson



William Henry



Geroldine M. Hessler



Donald Hill



Raymond Hitchcock



George Hoagland



Beulah Catherine Hockott



Gladys Hoffman



Margaret Elizabeth Hoffman



Alberta Holmes



Elizabeth E. Holmes



Dorothy M. Hook



Joseph Hoss



Kathleen Hottel



John Hubbard



Germaine Hug



Arthur J. Hunt



Bernard Hyma



Ruby Ingersoll



Iris Innes



Gertrude Insley



Irma L. Iselin



Bessie Jackson



Robert Jacobs



Beatrice Johnston



Mary Elizabeth Joyce



Gertrude Kaiser



Paula Delphine Karch



Thelma Kautsky



Ida E. Keaton



Wilbur Keeler



Gertrude D. Kellor



Josephine Kennedy



George Kern



Mary Winifred Killie



Benjamin King



Roberta F. King



Helen Knoop



Edward Koskey



Joe Kurker



Elsie J. Lacker



J. Chester Lofferty



Victor Landis



Dorothy H. Lang



Archie H. Langlais



Dorothy E. Lonning



Grace-Elizabeth Lashbrook



Herbert F. Laudick



Albert Lawfer



Merle Lawler



Lavinia Lawson



Ardis Leakey



Betty Lee



Flora Lees



John Lemon



Manual Leve



Welby Lewis



Sarah Louise Lockwood



John E. Loftus



William Lombard



Naomi Lookabill



Alma Lucas



Richard H. Lukens



Robert V. Lutz



Mabel McCaffery



Donovan McCaslin



William McDaniel



Martha McIntyre



Sarah McKinley



Leon McLellen



Mabel McPhedran



Lloyd McVoy



Millar Maddrey



Alan H. Majors



Virginia Mann



Eleanor Ann Marschke



Mildred Martin



Glendon Maynard



Mory Mead



Virginia Alice Meek



Eldena Meier



Lorenz Messmer



Theodore Midkiff



Raymond A. Miller



Ruth L. Miller



Edra Millis



Louise Mills



Robert Mitchell



Charles Moorman



Leland Morgan



Carl Muesing



Mildred M. Murphy



Sanders Myers



Catherine H. Naugle



Victor Nelson



Glen Nesbitt



Ona M. Newgent



Milton A. Newhouse



Edyth Noblitt



Hannah C. Noone



Margaret M. Noone



Amos E. Nordman



J. Austin Nutt



Eleanor Nutting



Clara L. Oblinger



Lucille O'Connor



Eva M. Oden



Josephine O'Donnell



Arneeta Ogden



Virtner A. Old



Elizabeth Oldham



Angeline Olsen



Katherine Overbeck



Eloise Owings



Abner Payne



Francis A. Pearson



Lucile Poll



Minnie Penish



Fred Phelan



Adrian R. Pierce



C. Margaret Pierson



Helen Margaret Polk



Ruth Estelle Preston



Gerald Purdy



Dorothea Pyle



Charles Rabold



Edward Ragland



Helen Rea



Charlotte A. Reissner



Wilna Rigsbee



Elizabeth Riley



Lloyd William Rinehart



Cathryne Roberts



Charlotte Roberts



Christina Roberts



Walter Roberts



Anna Rosengweig



Elsie Mae Ross



Henry J. Royalty



Thelma Prescott Rubush



Frances Ruske



Raymond StClair



Dorothy Saffell



Nolie Schako



Louise Schotter



Fred Schiffman



Irma Schnabel



Pauline Schofield



Dale Schafner



Chester Schuman



Dale Seal



Herbert L. Sedam



Norval Sellers



Dorothy Sering



Marion L. Shepherd



Harriet Shoemaker



Rowena Mae Shroyer



Marian Silvey



Gladys Smith



Helen V. Smith



Lawson Smith



William H. Smith



William O. Smith



Ruth L. Smith



Evelyn Snyder



Gaylord Snyder



Harry Snyder



Olga Snyder



Paul Spencer



Mary Hope Stapelkemper



Paul S. Staples



Karl A. Stegemeier



Lowell Stephens



Harold Steude



Vivian Stevenson



Willard B. Stonecker



Lois Stith



Alice Suess



Max Suess



Rebecca Sweetland



Marion Tempke



Bernetha Thomas



R. Gordon Thomas



Elizabeth Thompson



Elmer Thompson



Emmett E. Thompson



Evelyn Thompson



Wilbert Thoms



Kathleen Thrasher



Julia Tirmenstein



Pauline A. Tolin



Ralph M. Trent



Margaret Troy



Ruth Truoblood



Laurene Tuck



Monroe Turner



Merwin Tyner



Velma Tyner



Gwendolyn Ullom



Willis Vance



Kenneth Vandivier



Lillian Van Selgorthois



Lillian Louise Virk



George Wallace Walker



Winnifred Warstal



Robert O. Watson



Geraldine Walt



Theodore Weaver



Robert Webb



William Westfall



Doris Whitesell



Violet Whittaker



Bertha Whitworth



Alvan J. Wiegman



Earl Wilcox



David Wilkinson



Paul Willcox



Ruby Williams



Stanley L. Williams



Tom Williams



Charles Williamson



Claude E. Williamson



Arthur R. Wilson



Fred Wood



Gordon Worley



Harold Zimmerman



Claude Zollinger



Daisy Folkert



Lillian Hawkins



Beulah Mae Kealing



Norman Merrifield



Carmen U. Morris



Mildred Pratt



Albert Roesser



Mary Scott



Miss Welch

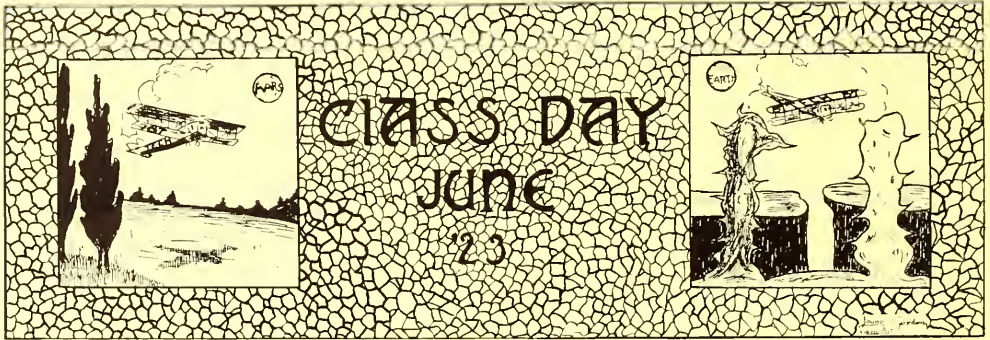


Miss Axtell



Miss Harter

THE SENIOR SPONSORS



The History of the June Class of 1923

BY RICHARD FRAZEE, *Historian*

HISTORY tells us of the evolution of man from primitive beginnings of the small family tribe to the vast united realms of the present time. Everything evolves from a beginning to an end. As historian of the June 1923 class, I give you, tonight, an authentic record of the evolution of this group of three hundred eighty students of Technical High School from its insignificant beginning to—not the end, but the threshold of the next stage of development.

In the fall of 1919, we entered the Freshman phase of evolution under most auspicious conditions; even the mild and pleasant autumn weather seemed to be an omen promising good fortune to this very young but ambitious class. Like true knights of old, we took our oath of allegiance, buckled on our armor, and went to work, hoping to accomplish a few heroic deeds and to be of some value to our already beloved Tech.

On October 17, 1919 when Auditorium was held at Tomlinson Hall, we, for the first time, realized what a large and glorious school we had chosen for our Alma Mater. Kathleen Thrasher, a freshman, had a part on the program. Thus, we made our first small beginning.

Very soon again, November tenth, our class received the opportunity of gathering *en masse*. The occasion this time was the splendid celebration of that great day which we shall never forget, Armistice Day.

Long shall we remember that first basket-ball season of 1919-20! Such a collection of stars had never before worn the Green and White. The members of the squad which won Tech's first sectional championship have all graduated and most of them are stars on college teams; but it is altogether fitting and proper that we enter them in this history for we all cherish the names

of Nipper, Griggs, Slaughter, Hawkins, Drayer, Hay, VanArsdale, and Black.

It does not take long for freshmen to imbibe the true Tech spirit of loyalty and co-operation. June, '23 was no exception to this rule; and after a few months, the school began to recognize and appreciate certain members of our class. Geraldine Watt possesses the enviable record of being the first of us to have literary efforts accepted. Two of her poems appeared in the December nineteenth issue of the CANNON. Running her a close second, however, came Earl Beyer with his story entitled "A Night in Arabia" which was published in the January, 1920 magazine issue. In the inter-class track meet held in May, Archie Langlais gained individual honors. This was Archie's debut in athletics where he has since won prominence. Soon after this, many members of our class took part in the beautiful and picturesque pageant which depicted the history of our school. This successful undertaking was most ably directed by Miss Shover who had spent many hours uncovering material from files at the Philadelphia Arsenal where the Indianapolis Arsenal records had been removed. One of the most interesting things discovered by Miss Shover was a note written by the Arsenal Commandant who had predicted that his work on those records would grow moldy and never be used. How glad we are that his prophecy was not fulfilled!

The fall of 1920 marked the beginning of the second phase of our evolution. We were no longer freshmen but very proud and dignified sophomores thoroughly conversant with Tech customs and ideals.

At this time there began a new era for Indianapolis high school athletics. For the first

time in thirteen years, the city high schools were allowed to organize football teams and to participate in contests with other schools in the favorite high school and college game. Through the combined efforts of the alumni of the three Indianapolis high schools we have been given another opportunity to overcome the handicap of entering college with no knowledge of the game and to show what true sportsmanship is. So far Tech has been commended for her high standards in athletics. May it ever continue thus! Tech won her first football game from Kirklin by a decisive victory of 31 to 7. After a season of such victories came the parade led by Mr. Stuart and the band. At Monument Place Mr. Graff, superintendent of schools, presented us with the silver cup, bearing the Green and White streamers. This was the symbol of the city championship won by Tech.

The winter of 1920 brought with it a great loss to the Technical R. O. T. C. Captain Perry left Tech; he was assigned to the 40th U. S. Infantry at Camp Sherman, Ohio. Captain Perry had gained the respect and friendship of every boy in the R. O. T. C. His word was law not only because he had the personality to make it such but also because each boy, through his administration, wanted it so. In May, 1921, Adrian Pierce was the first of our number to step up the military ladder to the position of second lieutenant.

During the winter and spring of 1921 good fortune attended us. The basket-ball sectional was won from Manual by a 19 to 14 score. Elated, we went to the regional, but came up against a real stone wall in the form of Vincennes, losing our hardest fought battle of the season by a score of 29 to 8. However, we did not suffer our spirits to waver, and so acted as hosts at the State Tournament. Our baseball team captured every game for this season and won the championship.

The fall of 1921 found us midway in our high school career and beginning the third phase of our evolution. As happy juniors we centered our interests on the football team which again won the city championship. We were proud to have three members of our class on this team: Elmer Baldwin, our star full-back, Cleo Peterson, and Chester Demmery.

During this semester two important buildings were completed: the Administration building, the cornerstone of which had been laid with proper ceremonies in June, 1920; and the Shops. These are parts of a Greater Tech to which we shall always be glad to return. If you wish to know now what that Greater Tech will be like, go to

the main office and study the water color sketches made by Mr. Polley.

The spring semester of this year will be remembered for its many unusual successes. Our track team won sectional honors and carried away the state banner for the first time. Langlais again represented our class in track. 1922 marked the third successful year in baseball. Our boys won the city championship, suffering no defeat and bidding for state honors if such a championship were available. The R. O. T. C. unit was inspected by a committee from Washington, and as a result Tech was made an honor school. The inspectors proclaimed us the best drilled school in the country. A drill team, selected by Captain Edwards, competed with Manual and Shortridge. Many of our boys took part in this, and the cup was won by Tech.

On Supreme Day, May twenty-second, Tech celebrated her tenth anniversary. In the afternoon we all gathered on the campus to hear our band in a very interesting program. This was followed by a cantata, "Spring Raptures," given by the advanced Girls' Glee Club. At dusk we went to the Athletic field where we saw the pageant, "The Spirit of Tech." Almost every Tech student had some part in the pageant and the class of June, 1923 was gloriously represented. The pageant was made a complete success through the untiring efforts of Miss Shover.

And now, in September, 1922 came our fourth, last, and most eventful phase of evolution. We found ourselves in June senior roll rooms, ready to organize, and eager to assume senior responsibilities. The office messenger service, an inheritance from a former June class, was put into operation early in the semester. Names of June, 1923 seniors appeared on the membership lists of most school organizations. The state football squad of the season included the following members of our class: Cleo Peterson, George Cottrell, Donald Gullion, Chester Demmery, Carl Bernhardt, Elmer Baldwin, Archie Langlais, and Lane Schultze.

In November we held our first senior meeting in the boys' gymnasium. The meeting was called to order by Walter Jolley, president of the January, 1923 class, and the constitution was read by John Fitzgerald, chairman of the constitutional committee. Cleo Peterson, our football hero, was overwhelmingly elected as president. Suzanne Kolhoff carried off the honors of vice-presidency. Louise Rice was elected secretary. John Fitzgerald, as treasurer, received the responsibility of caring for our flying eagles, while to Carl Bernhardt went the honor of preserving order as sergeant-at-arms.

Mr. Bretzman was chosen as the class photographer. Immediately following, began the destruction of Mr. Bretzman's camera, but luckily, our magazine shows some fair results.

The class play was "Quality Street," one of Sir James Barrie's famous plays. The cast included Adrian Pierce, Grace Elizabeth Lashbrook, Daisy Folkerth, Evelyn Thompson, Lucille O'Connor, Annabelle Fields, Iris Innis, Paul Emert, Manual Leve, Howard Caldwell, Leva Hatch, Neva Brewer, Gertrude Keller, Chester Lafferty, Agnes Search, Josephine Kennedy, Eloise Owings, Charlotte Reissner, Suzanne Kolhoff, Katherine Hackemeyer, Earl Beyer, Frederick Shick, Kennard Davies, Norman Baxter.

At the beginning of our last semester, we elected the remaining officers: prophets, Virginia Foxworthy and Lane Schultze; will-makers, Agnes Search and Frederick Shick; historian, Richard Frazee. The competition for song and poem was an unusually successful strife. After several conferences the judges pronounced Louise Spillman, song-writer, and Helen Ogden, poet. Chester Lafferty's poem received honorable mention. Our class colors are purple and silver; and the class flower is the purple sweet-pea. We have attempted to live up to our motto, "Find a way or make one."

A number of our literary celebrities gained positions on the CANNON Staff. On Staff I are Charlotte Gilman, editor; Ruth Dinwiddie, associate editor; Howard Caldwell, athletic editor; Geraldine Watt; Helen Ogden and William McDaniel, feature writers. On Staff II are Ruth Preston, editor; Gertrude Kaiser, associate editor; William Westfall, athletic editor. Louise Rice is magazine editor, and Leland Morgan is associate editor of the magazine.

Tech has a Rifle Team whose fame extends far beyond the campus boundaries. Again, our class is well represented by George Denny, Carl Bernhardt, Adrian Pierce, Orville Henderson, and Charles Albersmeier.

As usual our baseball team opened its season by winning its first game. Mr. Mueller, our new coach who succeeds Mr. Kingsolver, knows how to pick a winning team. Members of the June, '23 class who helped defeat Southport by a score of 4 to 3 are George Cottrell, Cleo Peterson, Lane Schultze, Elmer Baldwin, and Gerald Purdy.

Early in April the class presented Tech with a dozen ivy plants. On a bright spring morning the seniors gathered together informally, gave a short but interesting program, and planted the

ivy on the west side of the Artillery building. Later in April, the Girls' Glee Club showed us all what they could do in the way of dramatics. The senior girls who helped to make this operetta, "The Princess Chrysanthemum," a great success are Vivian Stevenson, Dorothy Avels, Bertha Green, Charlotte Reissner, Lillian Virt, Ruth Smith, Cathryne and Charlotte Roberts, Hannah Noone, Anna Rosenzweig, Dorothy Saffell, Ruth Dinwiddie, Virginia Mann, Sarah McKinley, Virginia Meek, Carmen Morris, Harriet Shoemaker, Alice Suess.

May was selected as the proper time to give our farewell parties. On Thursday, May third, we gave our class party in the girls' gymnasium, and every member proclaimed it a wonderful success. Later in May we enjoyed the beauties of nature at the picnic held on the campus.

It is with reluctance that I mention this class night celebration, our final gathering at Tech. But, as the old quotation states, "Even the best of friends must part," and we who have arrived at the end of our high school phase of evolution must each choose his own path now. May our achievements in God's great universe reflect credit upon this, our school, so that those who come after us may say, "They found a way or made one."

Life's Pioneers

Class Poem

"Find a way or make one!"

So cried a pilgrim band;
And faced the terrors of the sea
To reach our peaceful land.

"Find a way or make one!"

The years have swiftly gone,
And pioneers now heed the call
That urged the pilgrims on.

"Find a way or make one!"

The cry was not in vain;
For, since we're like the pioneers,
All life is our domain.

We'll find a way or make one!

Whate'er our task may be,
Where others fail, we shall succeed;
Our class, June '23.

HELEN OGDEN

CLASS COLORS—Purple and Silver

CLASS FLOWERS—Lavender sweet-pea

CLASS MOTTO—"Find a way or make one."

The Last Will and Testament of The June 1923 Class

BY AGNES SEARCH AND FREDERICK SHICK

FOR many months, the June, '23 class has heard voices calling them to new and unexplored lands. The voices have been answered and preparations are under way for a long and hazardous journey. To settle any question that may arise among our successors, should we fail to return, we take this time to set forth our last will and testament.

To the dear old school which has accepted and endured us for the last four years and from which we depart with tears, we leave the greatest respect and love.

To our patient, worthy, and faithful sponsors, we bequeath the care and guidance of all future June senior classes.

To the rest of our dear and most learned faculty we leave our good wishes that each and every one of them receives the reward which he so richly deserves.

For our successors:

Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors who are to be the future seniors of Tech, we admonish you to maintain and uphold high standards of learning and deportment, a heritage we are leaving to you. We who have had four years of both bitter and happy experiences know full well that it will take severe application to gain the goal of graduation.

To our immediate successors, the January, '24 class we, individually, leave our most highly prized possessions:

Our famous president, Cleo Peterson, bequeaths his love of parliamentary procedure and the power of his strong right arm with which he wields the gavel of honor, order, and righteousness to the young and hopeful Ted Nicholas.

Our small but mighty Suzanne Kolhoff leaves her dignified chair of vice-presidency, together with her popularity, to Anna Louise Werner.

Carl Bernhardt, our red-neck-tied sergeant-at-arms, leaves his brilliant career to Stanton Green.

Our great and mighty financier, John Fitzgerald, wills all his expert advice to the treasurer of the January class, Raymond Drake.

Louise Rice, our efficient secretary, donates her log-book and pen to Mary L. Black.

To Irma Vollrath, Virginia Foxworthy leaves her giggles in hope that Irma will use them in Expression.

Lane Schultze, the basket-ball shark, gives his bashfulness and his graduation pictures to Homer Carter.

Eloise Owings wills her charming and expressive manner of using her hands while talking to Florence Brown.

Dale Schofner wills his silver-toned oratory to Edwin Aichhorn.

Elmer Thompson leaves to Willis Riley the position of prompter for the next class play.

Elizabeth Thompson entrusts Dorothy Bassett with the care of Charles Bower. Dorothy must select a roll room near the lunch room so that she can get Charles' lunch before the rush.

Paul Emert wishes Elizabeth Neeley to add to her delightful southern dialect his recently acquired Irish brogue.

Grace Elizabeth Lashbrook distributes equally among the January class her stardom, her A pluses, and her affectionate nature.

Eddie Ragland's menu of soups is mournfully given to Sheldon Hold.

Bertha Green, Josephine Kennedy, and Bob Webb will their ability to make themselves heard to a future yell leader, Marion Crofts.

Victor Landis, our one hundred per cent stage manager, bequeaths his peculiar genius to the chairman of the January, '24 property committee. May the latter enjoy as marvelous a success as Victor!

Leon Desautel hands down to his "kid" brother the keeping of the boys' conventional outfit for the campus, with the understanding that he allow no decorative buttons, frills, or laces.

Norman Baxter resigns his position of model for Arrow collar advertisements to Harold Shipley.

Paul Travis inherits the coal black hair and eyes of dashing George Denny.

Irma Schnabel's peanuts, black eyes, black hair, and Art Mc—what-is-the-rest, I-didn't-get-it-all, go to Anne Rogers.

Benjamin King, otherwise known as "little Benny," bequeaths his note book to Fred Willis.

Charlotte Reissner wills her ability to reach high A to Martha Alice Thompson.

Vivian Stevenson wills her train of youngest admirers to Dorothy Hill.

The Roberts twins leave their latest edition of "Who's Who" to any twins in Tech.

Jess Conway and Tom Williams will the northwest corner of the Arsenal (during the sixth period) to Imogene Wills and Fred Cadby.

Elsie Lacker entrusts to the custody of George Mellon her "I move the previous question."

Lloyd Rinehart recommends that George Fiel assume the responsibilities of his honorable position at the Ohio theatre.

Irma Iselin leaves her monogram and position of guard on the basket-ball team to her sister, Eleanor.

Welby Lewis with joy gives his membership on the entertainment committee of Room One to Robert Watson.

Emily Dunbar leaves her information on "Horns" to Lillian Richardson.

Iris Innis reluctantly gives to Maxine Owens her new name "Patty," acquired during the senior play.

Alan Majors requests that Bob Finney assume his nonchalant "take your time" pose.

Charlotte Gilman and Ruth Preston hand down the responsibility of journalism to Sue-Anne Engle.

Charles Moorman desires that Gus Sieloff be christened with his former appellation, "knobby knees."

Louise Schettters mournfully gives up her gum-boots to Betty White.

Lester Cooley presents his statesmanship to Fred Hanna.

Olga Snyder leaves her composition on "The Duck" to Georgia Young so that Georgia may adopt the same unique style of writing.

Agnes Search has just finished and is having published her latest set of books, "The Trials and Tribulations of a Willmaker." These she gladly donates to all future willmakers.

To the happy-go-lucky Rosemary Lawler, Richard Frazee leaves his common sense, executive ability, and perfect manners.

George Walker volunteers to coach Carl Young in his methods of scheming business transactions.

Fred Shick's long endured traveling bag is now handed down to Rolla Willey.

Adrian Pierce carelessly gives about four feet of his height to Violet Fear.

Chet Lafferty's dramatic and oratorical ability plus his affection are sent this day to Dolores Snyder with the words "yours truly."

The signs, bearing the inscription "I am a Senior," which are now being carried around the campus by Manual Leve, Howard Caldwell, Leva Hatch, Neva Brewer, and Gertrude Keller, are left to the infants of the January '24 class.

Milton Newhouse and Bill Smith leave their fur collar coats to Ferdinand Rothschild and Ivan Cole if they promise to use them only on special occasions.

Arthur Wilson and Herbert Sedam leave their argumentative force (which they protest is necessary in Public Speaking) to Delmar Curry and Milton Elrod.

Kennard Davies wills his wonderful complexion to Pearl Robey.

Thelma Rubush and Evelyn Snyder begrudgingly part with their dimples and hand them down to Myrtle Ross and Jean Baker.

Lorenz Messmer dolefully wills his hand shaking ability to Bruce Savage.

Earl Beyer wills his short stories and special selections to anyone who has enough talent to carry on what he has started.

Margaret Pierson leaves her chairmanship on numerous committees to Suzanne Delbroke.

Louise Spillman, as a last remembrance, leaves to Ruth Otte her ability to write songs and compose the music for them.

Monroe Turner donates the duty of reading names of those who are to have their pictures taken to Lee White.

To Ruth Berry, Harriet Shoemaker leaves her supply of hats with the advice that she lend them only at roll call.

Lillian Van Jelgerhois and Pauline Adams part from their little ditty "Twilight" and pass it on to Elsie Schuck and Edna Schultz.

Sanders Myers is compiling a book on "Methods of Successful Advertising." This he leaves for all future advertisers of senior plays.

Lillian Virt wills the measuring of the next senior play cast to any one who wants the job.

Tech's flappers, Kathryn Hackemeyer, Annabelle Fields, Lucille O'Connor, and Evelyn Thompson, former residents of Quality Street, leave their vampish ways to Dorothy Dugdale, Dorothy Williamson, Margaret Macy, and Dorothy Ann Allen.

Alberta Durler and Dorothy Lanning leave their knowledge of grammar to the future members of Miss Shover's Statistical English classes.

And now that we have completed this mournful task, in behalf of the June, 1923 class of Arsenal Technical High School we attest, swear, and affirm that this document is duly signed and sealed on this, the sixth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three.

To The June Class of 1923

As we flounder on our way,
And are weakened from dismay,
When our battle seems the darkest
And our goal seems off the farthest,
Above we see a beacon light,
Gleaming from a rugged height;
And we hear a voice that's saying,
As for strength we're humbly praying,
(And its message to our ears
Seems to banish all our fears.)

"Find a way or make one
And to you success will come.
Heads erect and eyes upon the goal,
Have faith within your weary soul
For you shall never, never fail
Until the cherished goal you hail
With a hearty shout, and loud,
As you sweep from view the cloud,
With your colors flying free,
You, June Class of '23."

Chester Lafferty

Class Officers

PRESIDENT—Cleo Peterson
VICE-PRESIDENT—Suzanne Kolhoff
SECRETARY—Louise Rice
TREASURER—John Fitzgerald
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS—Carl Bernhardt

Senior Committees

ANNOUNCEMENTS: Chairman, Adrian Pierce; Rebecca Sweetland, Gladys Smith, Willard Dunbar, Margaret Pierson.

SOCIAL: Chairman, Vivian Stevenson; Robert Webb, Lorenz Messmer, Virginia Foxworthy, Cathryne Roberts.

FINANCE: Chairman, John Fitzgerald; Bertha Green, George Walker, Archie Langlais, Virginia Meek.

COLORS: Chairman, Dale Shofner; Ruth Adams, Lillian Van Jelgerhois, Benjamin King, Dorothy Hook.

PICTURE: Chairman, Monroe Turner; Elizabeth Holmes, Ruth Dinwiddie, Josephine O'Donnell, Margaret Noone.

CLASS DAY: Chairman, Richard Frazee; Emily Brossman, Ruth Preston, Chester Demmary, George Hoagland.

PIN AND RING: Chairman, Fred Wood; James Greshman, Charlotte Gilman, Victor Landis, Louise Spillman.

GIFT: Chairman, Lester Cooley; Elmer Baldwin, George Cottrell, Eldena Meier, Rosamond Barbieur.

COMMENCEMENT: Chairman, Norman Baxter; Ralph Trent, Blanch Gardner, Gertrude Kaiser, Hannah Noone.

PLAY: Chairman, Chester Lafferty; Frederick Shick, Earl Beyer, Agnes Search.

TREE DAY: Chairman, Kenneth Vandivier; Irma Schnabel, Richard Bunch, Dorothy Avels.

FLOWERS: Chairman, Charlotte Riessner; Don McCaslin, Charlotte Roberts, Alberta Holmes.

MOTTO: Chairman, Clarence Elbert; Gertrude Insley, Charles Moorman, Lucile Pell, Louise Lockwood.

Ivy Day

On Thursday, April twelfth, the June '23 class held Ivy Day exercises. The program was as follows:

Opening Speech	Kenneth Vandivier
Reading	Chester Lafferty
Songs, "Welcome Pretty Primrose," "Lovely Spring" Special Glee Club Group	
Planting of Ivy and Speech	Cleo Peterson
School Song and Yells	Class

Prophecy of the June Class of 1923

BY VIRGINIA ROSE FOXWORTHY AND LANE SCHULTZE

*We prophets of June, '23 class,
With "387" as our power,
Present ourselves with pleasure
In this goodly hour.
Tap-tap-tap, and from Tech
We flew to heed your call
And present our prophecy.*

WHEN Leon Destautel's last crops failed, he scraped together what "coppers" he had and sailed for France to visit relatives whom he had not seen since early childhood. Fortune changed its course, and in 1935 Leon became the heir of the well known "Castle of Dreams."

Five years ago, Miss Suzanne Kolhoff began her tour of the world. In Africa, she found the missionaries, Dorothy Avels, and Emily Dunbar, making a brave attempt to instill Tech principles into the minds of the natives. Miss Kolhoff's songs so enchanted the natives that they have given the missionaries no further trouble. According to the *New York Times*, Miss Kolhoff is not escaping the attractions of the French "Castle of Dreams" previously mentioned.

The most wonderful Paris gowns of today are designed by W. Earl Beyer. Miss Charlotte Gilman, one of his patient models, says that Mr. Beyer is so entertaining with his dramatic art that the girls of Paris go to see him instead of his display of gowns.

Emily Brossman is the popular illustrator for Ed Ragland's latest novel, "A Story from the Victrola Needle." Modeling for Miss Brossman are Chester Demmary and Eloise Owings.

The president of the I. W. W. is Walter Browning. His assistants are Don Gullion and Harriet Shoemaker.

The Barnum-Bailey Circus has now come into the hands of John Loftus and Alan Majors. The personnel of the circus is to be noticed:

Charlotte Reissner, the world's famous snake charmer, is assisted by Robert Webb who keeps Madame Reissner well supplied with snakes from the Tech campus.

Iris Innis, the tight rope walker, has never fallen nor excited her spellbound audience by losing her equilibrium while in the air.

When Margaret Troy found basket ball too strenuous for her, she took up the training of dogs. Having rounded up all the Tech "Fidos," she found it unnecessary to import dogs.

Vivian Stevenson is now the Boncilla girl in James Greshman's beauty parlor. James guarantees that his assistant takes out wrinkles perfectly or money refunded. Regular customers are:

George Bass, the fisherman;
John Bolte, the hardware man;
Richard Bunch, the florist;
Hazel Bell, the telephone girl.

We are not surprised to hear that Ruth Trueblood is now a Latin professor at Wabash.

Margaret Graham, the captain of the "Old Maid's Basket-Ball Team" which is made up of members who refused to do their daily dozen any other way, has now resigned since her oft-repeated prophecy that she would always remain an old maid was not fulfilled.

Manual Leve and Mildred Murphy are delighting Fifth Avenue with their latest ball-room dances. Miss Murphy completed her course under Wilbur Keeler some two years ago. Mr. Leve received his training many years ago in Miss Phoebe's "Blue Room."

Bertha Green and Betty Lee, who were always such quiet, demure little ladies, are spending a peaceful life in a convent at Rome. Miss Green and Miss Lee, who never cared for the frivolity of youth, have been here since 1925 since they were unable to endure the strenuous American college life.

Grace Elizabeth Lashbrook, a graduate of Wellesley, starred with Harold Elston Dukes in "Plays for Kiddies" on Broadway for two years. Miss Lashbrook is now the head of the Latin department at Tech. H. E. Dukes is singing for the Victor records.

Robert Brooks, the editor of the *Indianapolis News*, recently said, "Since the night I graduated, I haven't seen so many members of the June, '23 class as I saw at Keith's this week. Gladys Christie sold me my ticket and Herbert Sedam ushered me to my seat. I was handed a program and this is what I saw:

A
Mary Mead and Amos Nordman
starring in
"Wild Adventures in my Trip to Mars."

B
Jumbo and Mumbo

(Mary Decker and Kennard Davies.)
Black face comedians.

C

Toe Dancers

Most graceful in the universe.

Alberta Holmes, Clara Oblinger, Carl Bernhardt.

"I was so interested in the orchestra, directed by Stanley Williams," continued Mr. Brooks, "that I quite forgot what happened in the next few acts. I was fully awake, however, during the acrobatic scene of the Misses Charlotte and Cathryne Roberts, especially when they hung from a trapeze by their teeth."

Richard Frazee, who won a silver medal for a History of Tech, is now deeply absorbed in politics. At present he is national chairman of the Democratic Committee.

John Fitzgerald, the ex-treasurer of the United States, is now posing for Arrow collar advertisements.

Dr. Don Hill, the heart specialist, is the discoverer of a cure for a certain kind of heart trouble. He experimented with his own heart, consequently, he absolutely guarantees the cure.

Leon Adler, amateur detective, spent so much time on his hobby that he was dropped from the honor roll and almost failed to graduate from Butler. When the headlines "Missing, Alma Lucas, the only woman president of the United States" appeared in the papers, Leon solved the mystery and became famous. He found President Lucas hunting squirrels, with an overnight-stopped to her steed.

During his early life, George Cottrell was a choir singer at the East Tenth M. E. Church. George was so stirred by Rev. Chester Lafferty's sermons that in 1929 he, too, became Rev. George Cottrell.

Battling Jack Byer, undefeated fly-weight champion of the world, has signed to meet Lloyd McCoy, the fighting Irishman, in a four-round exhibition bout at the Madison Square Gardens, July fourth, for the benefit of the Morgantown Athletic Club.

Ralph Trent and Donovan McCaslin, publishers, have placed on sale Clarence Elbert's latest book, "Factory Conditions in Iceland." The book is dedicated to Ambassador Paul Emert who gave Mr. Elbert much valuable information.

Josephine Kennedy, grown weary of life-saving, has adopted tennis for her hobby. With Norman Baxter, George Denny, and Charles Moorman she leaves this evening by Aero-Way for Madrid where the four American stars will

enter the world's tennis tournament tomorrow.

Chief Justice Cleo Peterson and family were guests of Senator Benjamin King on the "Princess" when the yacht was sunk. Had it not been for Ardis Graybill, the brave radio operator, these nationally known personages might not be taking such active parts in the government affairs of today.

When Agnes Search and Frederick Shick presented the tragical scene "Razor Blades," produced by Margaret Drake and Gwendolyn Ullom, it was necessary to call Dr. Milton Newhouse for Laura Fiscus, Governess of Indiana, who had come to the theater to quiet her nerves.

Raymond St. Clair, a lawyer from Brightwood, has challenged Louise Rice, president of the Arguing and Debating Society, to a series of debates on the question "Shall Indianapolis give up its parks for aeroplane parking?" Prominent society ladies who will act as judges are Elizabeth Holmes, Dorothy Hook, Charlotte Fischer, and Kathleen Hottel.

Adrian Pierce, by marriage, became the heir of the John D. Rockefeller fortune in 1934. Mr. Pierce did not entirely retire as was expected. We are glad to see him in the business world at Christmas time impersonating Santa Claus in Woolworth's.

Last week Monroe Turner, cartoonist for the *Chicago Tribune*, stopped for a few days in Indianapolis. Since the *Indianapolis Times* has become so much greater than the *Tribune*, Monroe has made a five year contract with the former.

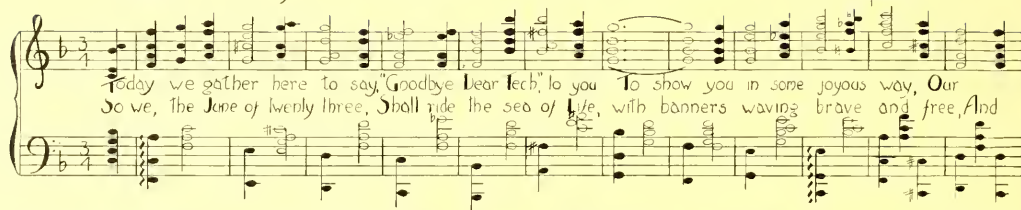
When King Tut's tomb was closed, the never dying enthusiasm of Dorothy Brown, the founder of the Egyptian Museum, was a bit shaken when she saw Gordon Worley, minister to Luxor, preparing to seal the tomb. When informed that a party of Americans interested in Egyptology was coming, without any coaxing Mr. Worley stopped his work and left for a football game on the desert. In the party which arrived shortly were Eldena Meier searching for specimens to use in her kindergarten; Lucile Pell in search of Egyptian books to translate; and Margaret Dunlavy hunting for an Egyptian costume to wear at Gertrude Insley's novel Egyptian wedding.

Lester Cooley, after years of hard work in his garage at Connersville, Indiana, at last perfected his invention of squeakless springs for Fords.

Words and music by

Class Song June '23

Loise Spillman



Today we gather here to say, "Goodbye Dear Tech," to you To show you in some joyous way, Our
So we, the June of twenty three, Shall ride the sea of life, with banners waving brave and free, And



love for you and our faculty Your campus green has been the scene of happy days to us
all shall reign supreme o'er strife, Singing of our dear old school, The place our hearts will stay

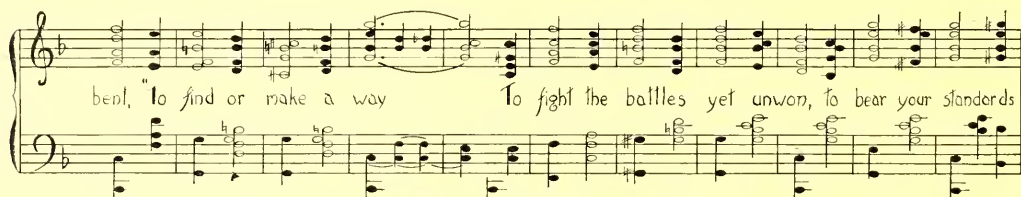


so with your colors, green and white, that stand for all that's right.
because you've taught the Golden Rule that helps us on our way.

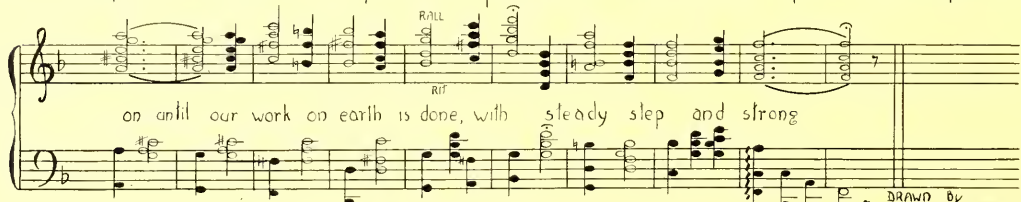
Refrain



Goodbye Dear Technical, Goodbye, We leave you here today. Upon our mission all are



bent, "to find or make a way To fight the battles yet unwon, to bear your standards



on until our work on earth is done, with steady step and strong

DRAWN BY
7. Schindler Can Art 11



THE BLUE ROOM



THE MINUET

Quality Street

JUNE SENIOR CLASS

CHARACTERS

Susan Throssel.....	Daisy Folkerth
Miss Willoughby.....	Evelyn Thompson
Miss Fanny.....	Lucile O'Connor
Phoebe Throssel.....	Grace Elizabeth Lashbrook
Patty.....	Iris Innes
Recruiting Sergeant.....	Paul Emert
Valentine Brown.....	Adrian Pierce
Georgy.....	"Bobby" Morgan
Arthur.....	Manual Leve
William Smith.....	Howard Caldwell
Isabella.....	Leva Hatch
Mary Beveridge.....	Neva Brewer
Louise.....	Gertrude Keller
Ensign Blades.....	Chester Lafferty
Charlotte Parrott.....	Agnes Search
Ladies at the Ball.....	Josephine Kennedy
	Charlotte Reissner
	Eloise Owings
	Suzanne Kolhoff
Harriet.....	Katherine Hackemeyer
Lieut. Spicer.....	Earl Beyer
Old Soldier.....	Frederick Shick
Gallants.....	Kennard Davies
	Norman Baxter





Memories
of Class Play



Commercial Art Class



News English Class





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 { Ruth Duvall
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 { Margaret Macy
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LOUISE
RICE



LELAND
MORGAN

Tech as Our Model

June '23 Seniors, the future lies ahead of us like a sheet of pure white paper on which each of us may write our record. What shall it be? As children we were taught to write by using a copy-book with a headline which was beautifully written. The first line we wrote was usually well done for we were so close to the copy, we tried to imitate it. But as we went farther down the page, the writing grew worse and worse, because, instead of watching the copy carefully, we were copying our own poor writing.

It is just the same in life. If we wish to succeed, we must keep close to our model; if we desire to make our future its best, we must keep close to our model.

The future fills us with serious thoughts. We know not what it holds for us of joy or sorrow, pain or pleasure; but how thankful we should be that it holds an opportunity; to know that we may enter the future with confidence, trusting that by living up to the models set by Tech, we may succeed.

Keeping constantly before us the standards which she has created for us, we will think of Tech. No one has inspired us with higher ideals; no one has given us a better model which we might copy than have Tech's faculty, officials, and students. By keeping reflections of Tech ever before us, we can be sure that our achievements in life will be worth while. RUTH L. SMITH



FACULTY ADVISERS

What Others Think of Us

Of course you know what every true Techite thinks of our school paper but it is a matter of some speculation as to what others think of us. When we receive a compliment from a strange school, whose pupils have different ideas and interests than we have, we are justly proud, so we hereby publish a list of them.

The Techites of Technical High School, Providence, Rhode Island, printed the following comment: THE ARSENAL CANNON: Your art work is certainly clever, and the school news well-collected and extensive. The original jokes are a relief after some we have read, but a few more long stories would give a more compact magazine.

From the *Walnut Chips*, Zionsville High School, Zionsville, Indiana comes: ARSENAL CANNON, Technical High School, Indianapolis.

An unusually live paper. The staff evidently knows their stuff.

The *Maroon and White*, Chattanooga High School, Chattanooga, Tennessee says:

We wish to compliment you on your excellent paper. One good point about your paper is its variety of material.

From the *Spotlight*, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Your "Sectional Sidelights" were good. We enjoy your paper.

The Tech Review, of Providence, Rhode Island, gives us this bit of praise:

A school paper that lives up to its name; it is a cannon that fairly explodes with school news. Its section of jokes is very good.

The Normal Advance, from Terre Haute, says this about us: Your paper is noted for its exceptionally good jokes. The headings for the various departments show much originality.

The Tree City Breeze, of Greensburg, Ind., comments on the CANNON thus: THE ARSENAL CANNON is a well edited paper and one that we are always glad to receive.

The Comet, from Jasper, Ind., says: THE ARSENAL CANNON, Technical High School, Indianapolis, Ind. Your paper is well arranged and we like your fine cover designs. Your joke department is also good.

Sportsmanship

During the winter months Tech students have faced many critical tests in regard to their loyalty and sportsmanship.

Facing defeat time after time by narrow margins has been enough to tax the spirit of every student. But contrary to expectations, and with but few exceptions, our student body has braved the storm, and, as a result, we now have a spirit that is as good as, if not better than, in past years.

This has been a real test, and a hard one, but a valuable lesson; a lesson that we have learned, that will prove of invaluable service in facing the problems of life.

Laughing in the face of defeat and victory is an asset that can well be acquired by us all.

L. C. M.

The members of the CANNON Staff acknowledge with grateful appreciation the assistance received throughout the year from the News English class and the Commercial Art class.

The Staff also wishes to thank the teachers, the roll-room agents, and the entire student body for their co-operation in making this year a successful one for the CANNON.

Student's Work is Exceptional

On page 43 is a picture of Raymond Robertson and his best vocational project. It is interesting to know that Raymond carved the pattern for this bronze head of Lincoln in the pattern-making shop before he cast it in the foundry. He also made the wooden plaque on which the head is mounted. It is an exceptional piece of work for a high school student to have done.



Harry Stout



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Associate Editor



Charlotte Gilman
Editor-in-Chief



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Athletics Editor



Geraldine Watt

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William Westfall
Athletics Editor



Harold Shipley

STAFF No. 2 -



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Ruth Duvall



Reba Francis



Iris Jean Beadle



Donovan McCaslin





LATIN CLUB

Magistratus Sodalitatis Latinæ

CONSUL—George Newton

SCRIBA—Marian Fiscus

PRAETOR ET NOTARIUS—Harold Shipley

PRAECO—Mildred Frey

AEDILES—Dorothy Brown, John Cleary, and
Margaret Macy.

NATURE STUDY CLUB

Nature Study Club Officers

PRESIDENT—Robert Webb

VICE-PRESIDENT—Mildred Frey

SECRETARY—Louise Ross

TREASURER—Harry Stout.



SPANISH CLUB

Officers of the Spanish Club

PRESIDENT—Joe Norris

VICE-PRESIDENT—Mary Klesmer

SECRETARY—Louise Grove

ATTORNEY GENERAL—Ralph Wood



THE CHORAL SOCIETY

Choral Society Officers

PRESIDENT—Chester Lafferty

VICE-PRESIDENT—Suzanne Kolhoff

SECRETARY—Norma France

TREASURER—Bruce Savage

ATTORNEY GENERAL—Adrian Pierce

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS—George Cottrell



THE ROBBERS' CAVERN

Pirates of Penzance

Time—The Present

Place—First Act—Robbers' Cavern

Second Act—Chapel of General Stanley

CHARACTERS

Samuel, Pirate Chief's Lieutenant.....	Ewell Newman	
Richard, a Pirate Chief.....	George Newton	
Frederick, a Pirate Apprentice.....	Bruce Savage	
Ruth, a Piratical "Maid-of-all-work".....	Norma France	
Edith	General Stanley's Daughters {	
IsabelSuzanne Kolhoff
JanetDorothea Smith
KateVivian Stevenson
Mabel, General Stanley's youngest daughter.	Culassa Kinnaman	
Major-General Stanley, of the British Army.. ..	Adrian Pierce	
Edward, a Sergeant of Police.....	Earl Thorp	

Daughters of Major-General Stanley—Vera Adams, Catherine Brandt, Helen Cather, Louise Cook, Nell Denny, Daisy Folkerth, Josephine Foye, Elizabeth Gest, Bertha Green, Evelyn Harris, Dorothy Hill, Gladys Hatton, Ruth Lipsey, Martha Alice Thomson, Anna Louise Werner, Florence Whittenburg, Charlotte Weiske, Wanda Farson, Hallene Garver, Margaret Ice, Josephine Kennedy, Phyllis Nordstrom.

Pirates—Charles Byfield, Kenneth Conwell, Robert Dunlavey, Talbott Knight, Lester Livingston, James Pebworth, Carl Rinne, Herbert Sedam, Dean St. Clair, Elmer A. Wilson.

Police—Floyd Beeler, Roy Bradley, Paul Boots, Evans Cochran, Arnett Curry, Harry Fillenworth, Harold Hadden, Earl Thorp, Franklin Burton, Charles Sexton.

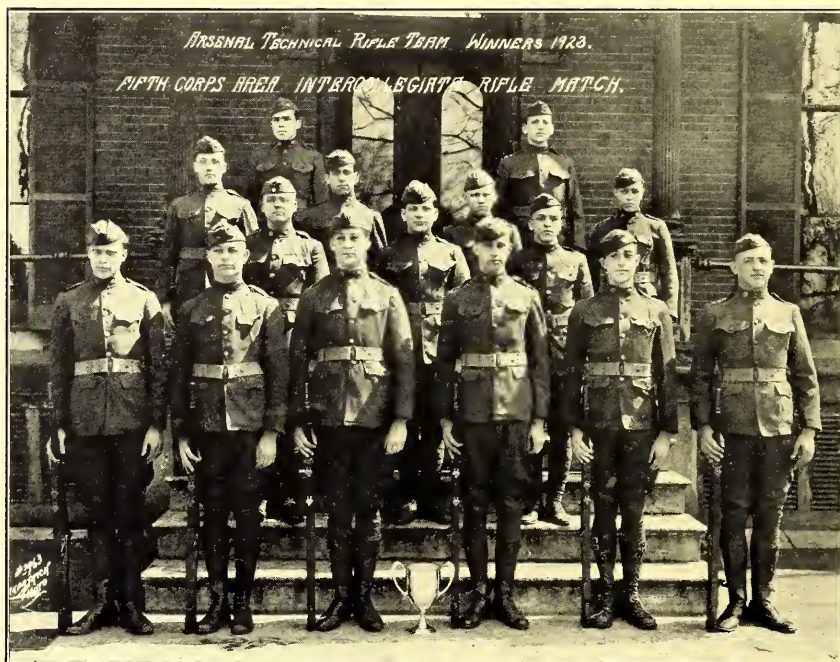


THE PRINCESS CHRYSANTHEMUM

Glee Club Officers

PRESIDENT—Charlotte Reissner
 VICE-PRESIDENT—Genevieve McNellis
 SECRETARY—Vivian Stevenson
 TREASURER—Kathryn Karch

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS—Cathryne Roberts
 LIBRARIAN—Mary Latham
 WARDROBE MISTRESS—Eileen Kerr
 HISTORIAN—Helen Tomlinson.



OUR FAME BEGETTERS

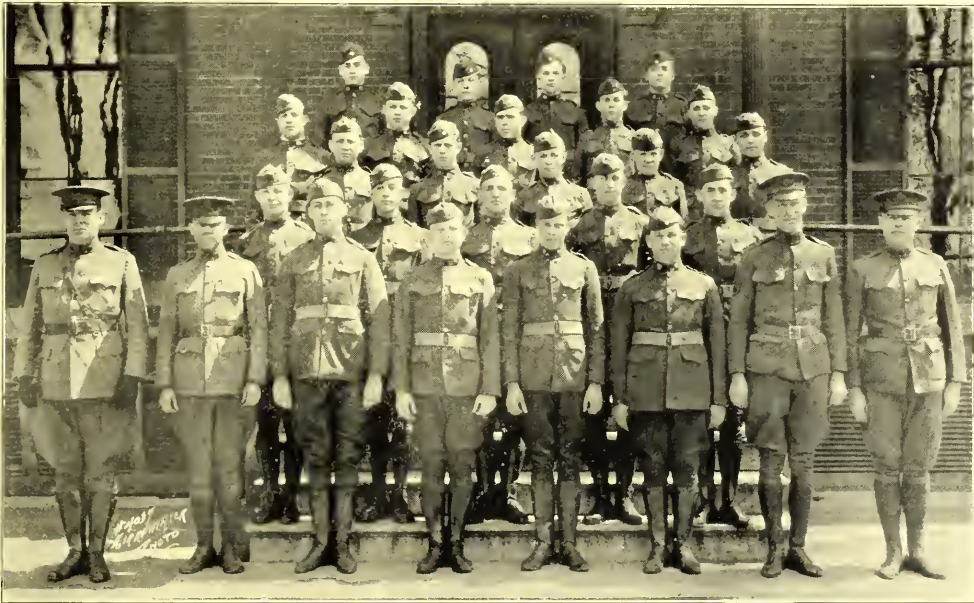


TECH ORCHESTRA

Officers of the Orchestra

PRESIDENT—Ernest Love
 VICE-PRESIDENT—Ruth Otte
 LIBRARIAN—Kurt Mardt

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS—Roy Crowder
 SOCIAL COMMITTEE—Helen Koehne, Raymond
 Dawson, and Bertha Whitworth.
 SECRETARY AND TREASURER—Mildred Ellis



R. O. T. C. OFFICERS



MATH CLUB

Officers of the Math Club

PRESIDENT—William Holtzman

ATTORNEY GENERAL—Francis Pearson

VICE-PRESIDENT—Dorothy Lang

PUBLICITY MANAGER—Vance Willis.

SECRETARY—George Hoagland



TECH BAND



Seventh Hour Quartet

Campus Songsters



Mixed Octette



Mixed Quartet



Boys' Glee Club...



Boys' Quartet



Hicky-Hagy-Harky-Howky-Hike



Raymond Robertson's Prize Product



After Basket-Ball Banquet



R.R.120 Spelling Contest Winners



Former Technicians Around our Campus



Our Pioneer Janitors

Persons of Note at Tech.



The Library Staff

Spanish Correspondence

Pupils interested in Spanish have started corresponding with persons in South America. The letters that Tech students have received are interesting to read while much pertaining to South American customs can be learned from them. One aim of the correspondents is that the pupils studying Spanish may write in Spanish, that the South American pupils can correct any mistakes; or that they may write in English in order to give the South Americans practice in understanding our language.

Many new possibilities have been opened in this way. Imagine the thrill of receiving mail from South America! It is fun to exchange pictures and reading matter regarding each other's schools. Persons have found it interesting to use the "get-acquainted-by-mail" system, (it has even been used in French classes.)

The correspondence has proved helpful to the classes in many cases. Through the authorities of various South American high schools, addresses of Spanish-speaking students may be obtained.

MARY ALICE FREE



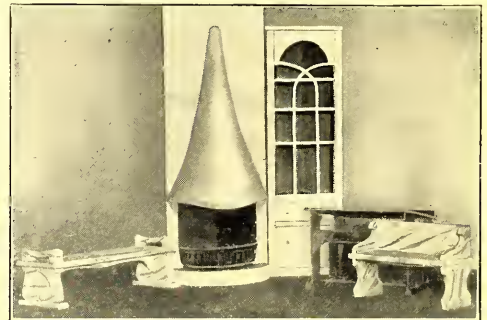
Mr. Hiney's Smile

When every one's complaining
Of how he is abused,
Just look at Mr. Hiney's smile!
Would you think he's misused?
And yet he has more troubles
Than most of us about,
For every day of every week
He cleans our office out.
He sweeps it and he dusts it
As well as mortal can,
'Till the office of the CANNON Staff
Is left just spick and span.



When Ma Houser Smiles

She stands and watches every day
The endless lunch room line;
And handsome boys who come her way
Are lucky if they dine.
For other girls may have a score
Of boys about them grouped—
She grabs them all, and then some more,
Before they reach the soup.
She picks on all the handsome ones
That pass her single file;
And everything is over when
Miss Houser starts to smile.



SENIOR PLAY PROPERTIES

THE CABINET-MAKING CLASSES MADE SOME UNUSUAL PROPERTIES FOR THE SENIOR CLASS PLAY "QUALITY STREET." AMONG THESE THE FIRE-PLACE WAS AN EXCEPTIONAL PIECE OF WORK



In the Land of "Just About"

BY CHARLES WAGNER

IF EVERY one does not like traveling because of the annoyances that go with it, there are, nevertheless, few people who do not enjoy accounts of travels. Young folks especially love to listen to stories of the adventures that happen to explorers in far-away and mysterious lands. Now I have just made a long trip through a territory inhabited by queer people, and I shall tell you what I saw.

I had often heard of the land of "Just About." Concluding that the best way to get an idea of its inhabitants and their ways was to go to their country, I packed my grip, took some money, a stout stick, my watch, and a box of good-humor lozenges. These lozenges are an excellent thing to take when you are traveling, in case unpleasant circumstances should occur. If you leave them behind, you run the risk of having a dull time.

Crossing the country where perpendicular lines stand erect on their horizontals, where noon is the middle of the day, where yes is yes, and no is no, I arrived finally at a frontier.

To tell the truth, it was not a really, truly frontier. Indeed, nobody has ever found it possible to settle the boundary of the country of "Just About." No one knows precisely where it begins nor where it ends. This, too, is unfortunate, for the citizens of the land of "Just About," not having very definite frontiers, are perpetually quarreling with their neighbors. They live with them on a footing which one cannot call a belligerent footing, because they rarely have real wars, and for a very good reason. Their army only *just about* exists. Their military chiefs are generals, if you insist. But, after all, they are only sorts of generals who know just about how to command, and to counterbalance. They are just about ignorant of strategy, geography, and everything that pertains to the art of war. They learned this art, after a fashion, in the schools. But everything in their

schools being only half or three-quarters taught, the young officers who graduate from them are jokes. The soldiers they command are soldiers of the same type. Evidently they are what might be called soldiers, but they are just about drilled; their swords, just about cut; their rifles shoot quasi-straight; and their powder is neither quite dry nor quite wet. Accordingly, when they have pointed their cannon and taken aim, so so, it cannot be said that the weapon always goes off, or that it always misses, that it hits or that it does not hit. All that is approximate. The only thing that one can fairly and squarely declare is that every time this kind of an army has encountered the enemy it has met defeat. Those instances I have in mind now were only semi-serious.

In the land of "Just About" the children just about obey their parents. When they sit down at the table, they have clean hands, by courtesy. They eat their soup but they never eat it all; there is always a residue. They go to school and get there on time, or somewhere near it. Their bags are half-open, half-shut; their written exercises are begun but not finished. When they write they mind only three-quarters of their P's and Q's. Most of their pages are clean, but not all of them. They know their lessons, but not entirely. When the teacher talks, they open one eye and lend one ear. The other ear and the other eye are vaguely busy with various objects. When the inspector visits the school, he writes down the following comment: "Pupils almost good, or else they are almost bad. I could not very well pass on them." Upon leaving, he gives the teacher compliments which are also criticisms, if you take them that way, but the person who would say so is very subtle.

The joiners of the land of "Just About" make parquetry, doors, and windows, like all joiners. Only, when you watch them work you notice that they saw and plane just about straight. At a

pinch you might say it was planing, but their edges are never true. The doors have slits in them, and the windows are neither open nor closed. The panes blink on account of their uncertain angles, the parquet floors wave up and down, and the tables dance.

Their coopers make barrels, tubs, tuns, and troughs, but everything leaks. When you gaze into a looking-glass in the land of "Just About," you are not absolutely sure whose face you see. Perhaps it is you, but it might also be your brother or your cousin. The portraits painted by the artists over there all have a vague resemblance to the originals.

The masons in the land of "Just About" have, like our masons, the plumb-line and the square, but no angle is a right angle, and no wall is perpendicular. Are they oblique? It could not be claimed so without exaggeration. And so the houses, the churches, and the markets are relatively substantial. Yes, the roof of a theatre in the city of "Just About" did fall in lately. Still, it must be admitted that only a part of it fell, and that the victims were only half killed. The surgeons who answered the hurry call almost cured the patients and just about properly reset a certain number of fractured limbs.

The merchants in this weird country use scales, weights, and measures that are passably accurate. However, if you weigh your purchases when you get home, you are always just a little short. If they make change, you are sure to find some good coins, but rarely are they all good. At the grocer's the groceries are of medium quality. It would be doing these good people an injustice to say that they sell inferior products; but on the other hand, it would be wrong to call them high class. The shops have eggs that are nearly fresh. The meat, the fish, and the poultry are fresh, too, but of questionable freshness. And this little adjective which does not say enough and which says too much, is applicable to the honesty of these tradesmen as well as to the cleanliness of their shops.

If something out of the ordinary happens, anything like an accident, a fight, or an assassination, the police arrive neither soon enough nor too late. They take the evidence and make their report. There is always something lacking about this report. It is very much like a horse when he is walking on three legs. At the court-house witnesses are called. They are not sure of what they have seen or heard; but they take good care not to say that they have not seen or heard anything. Do they tell the truth? They certainly do; but they keep back part of it. Once the

speeches of counsel are finished, the judges pass a sentence in which they lump most things. Indeed, most of the time when there is a lawsuit on hand, they never finish it. They do not succeed in proving the facts nor in declaring who is right and who is wrong.

I made a point of noticing the women of the country. But if you were to ask me whether they are beautiful or ugly, I should be very much perplexed. If you said they were ugly, you would be slandering them; if you said they were beautiful, you would be flattering them shamefully. If you want to find out from me whether these women are graceful, active, industrious, sensible, intelligent, and virtuous, I really should be at a loss to answer. They do everything the way they sweep and knit. How do they sweep and knit? This way; they sweep in the middle of the room, but not in the corners. When they knit, they drop the stitches. As a result the little out-of-the-way corners of their houses are dirty, and their stockings have holes.

What kind of food did I find on my trip? Neither good nor bad. Did I have cool things to drink? I cannot truthfully say so. Were the drinks tepid then? No, I have no right to assert it positively, or to complain in consequence, for their water, their coffee, their tea are neither warm nor cold.

And they themselves are neither warm nor cold. From the government and executive officials down to the families and private individuals in the land of "Just About," nothing is frank, nor up and down, nor squarely asserted.

What ought to be thought of such a country? Nothing bad, nothing good. But that in itself is not good. It is bad, very bad indeed. What is a half-knowledge, a half-skill, a half-truth, a half-honesty? It is sometimes worse than the absence of knowledge, skill, or honesty. Give me the out-and-out rascals, liars, who have the courage of their lies. These are preferable. At least one knows what to expect. Let us be wholly what we are. Let us do wholly what we have to do. Do not let us ever be satisfied with the "Just About." At any rate, nothing is so irritating as the "just about." I learned something of it over there. I left just in time. So much indecision and fickleness and equivocation drove me beside myself, and you could fairly see my good humor lozenges melt.

Teacher: And now can you tell me what an icicle is?

Tommy (after a profound silence): Please, Ma'am, it's a stiff piece of water.

Dot's "Cousin"

The door bell! A telegram—and for her! Good news?—well, I should hope to tell—but read it for yourself. "Cousin will arrive at 8 P.M.—Mother."

Explanations are in order. To begin with, Dot was a 1923 model girl, seventeen and pretty. Now Dot believed that "nothing is useless to the man of sense" and here was a timely document which promised to be the forerunner of something decidedly useful. Perched on the piano stool she swung her feet and smiled with the joy of anticipation. She had heard her mother mention but one cousin. Although she had never seen him she could clearly picture him—a tall, manly, honest chap with simple country ways and brown eyes—you know the type. If you do not, meet "our hero" in any of the Alger Jr. books.

Dot was a schemer and here is her scheme. You see, among Dot's many friends was a very devoted and loyal Lotty. Now Lotty was homely—very homely—and she fairly worshipped her pretty friend. Dot planned to ask Lotty over, doll her up, present to her the above mentioned cousin, and see that they became good friends. Henceforth, the heretofore neglected Lotty was to have a nice "boy friend." Yes, "cousin" was most assuredly welcome!

Her feet stopped swinging and Dot jumped down from the stool. The next moment she was talking excitedly with Lotty over the phone. To make a short story shorter, Lotty accepted Dot's invitation to "come over" that evening.

Evening came; eight o'clock came. The stage was all set. Lotty looked almost pretty. (Dot was great at 'dolling' people up!) Dot's eyes were shining as she scrutinized her face in the mirror to detect whether her nose was in the same condition. The victrola was grinding out the latest fox-trot. Eight o'clock went; it was quarter after, now half past! Perhaps he had missed the way or—no, there was the bell!

Dot left the mirror and tripped gaily to the door; opened it; smiled; swallowed hard and frowned as if puzzled; then forced a weak smile. Lotty waited and wondered, but she did not have to suffer the suspense long for Dot proceeded to usher in the guest. Smelling salts—quick! There stood "cousin." Tall?—yes—very tall and angular; so far, so good, but "*his*" skirts reached to the floor; "*his*" hair was done in a tight knob-like twist on the top of which was primly pinned "*his*" befeathered hat. "*His*" eyes scrutinized the girls, critically, nearsightedly.

Dot looked at Lotty; Lotty looked at Dot! Dot's cousin!—dear reader, let us mercifully draw the curtain!

REBA FRANCIS

My Best Friend

The most striking characteristic of my best friend is that he is singularly dog-like. It may seem queer to you that I have such close companionship with anyone who is thus, but I believe it is just this quality that makes me like him so. His face, I think, is the most dog-like thing about him. I am struck by this resemblance every time I see him. He has queer little bright eyes that at once suggest an eager, wistful little dog. Not only his face, but also his manners, actions, personality, and even his run are suggestive of the canine.

Everyone notices these characteristics but they do not seem to wonder. This may be partly explained by the fact that they are so much a part of him that they are not too striking. But, I believe it will make it much clearer to explain that his name is Mac and that he is a two-year-old Airedale.

WALTER BROWNING

Our Mutual Friend

We never could patronize operas.

Or baseball, or plays. I've a hunch,

Were it not for a certain kind person

Who keeps down the price of our lunch.

We all have a friend in Miss Hooker.

One that could not be surpassed—

For we know it's a big undertaking

To plan meals that can't be out-classed.

We're grateful to her for her efforts

To satisfy each with his lunch

And we'll always remember Miss Hooker

As "one of the best in the bunch."

A Case of "The Gold Bug"

Most likely every one has read Poe's "Gold Bug," and every one remembers what a time he had deciphering the code in order to find the treasure. Whether or not that is history is a subject for discussion; but it is true that it is repeating itself. Our teachers and classmates are going through the same experience by deciphering our handwriting. It is no joke for the other fellow, so let us consider him. It only takes a little bit more time to write legibly. It helps others and saves their eyesight. Don't be selfish.

EUGENIA HARRIS

His Lost Master

BY WILLIAM MCDANIEL

THE fast-fading sunlight of a winter afternoon peered in through the dirty window panes of a dingy room in a tenement and illumined the few things therein. An old and wobbly wash-stand, the mirror of which had long since vanished, shared honors with an ancient kitchen table, one leg of which had been broken and patched with a board, as the chief articles of furniture. In one corner of the room stood a broken-down bed in which an old man lay stroking the head of the handsome collie which stood at the head of the bed.

"Well, Collie," the old man quavered in a voice thinned by age. "I'm afraid we've come to the end of the road at last. And you've been a faithful pal to me through it all, Collie, since you were a little pup scarce able to lead me. I couldn't have lived without you. And now, even with you . . ." His voice grew husky and dry at the last, and he coughed, the dry, racking kind of cough that shows the last stages of consumption. The intelligent dog pricked up his ears as though to hear the old man's faint words.

"Yes, Collie," he resumed, "a mighty good pal to me. I've never had a better one, Collie. When I was young, I thought . . . But she was like all the rest of them. After my accident she . . . but I can't blame her. Who'd marry a blind artist, anyway? And now—who cares for a sightless old beggar that's just about to . . ." He broke into a fit of coughing, and tossed on the bed convulsed with pain. Collie licked his hand reassuringly.

"But Collie, if I hadn't gone blind I would have painted a picture that would have brought the world to my feet! I had just started on it when it happened. Oh, that painting was a beautiful thing! I can see it now . . . Look, Collie, on the wall there! Don't you see it? And my brushes and paints spread before it, waiting for me to come and finish it! I'm coming!" The old man brought himself up in the bed and stretched his arms toward the wall. A smile of ineffable content came upon his face. "I'm coming," he repeated softly. He fell back on the bed, with the smile still on his face.

Collie did not understand what had happened. But after an hour had passed without a sound from the bed, he realized that something was wrong. Collie walked slowly to the door and opened it by pulling the string which his

master had tied to the knob. He crossed the narrow hallway and scratched at the door opposite. This was the room of an old German shoemaker who had visited the beggar once.

The shoemaker opened his door to find Collie waiting, dumb pleading in his eyes. "Vell, vot do you vant?" asked the man peevishly. "I cannot fool mit you now." Collie whined, then ran across to his master's room and back. "Is it him dot vants me?" the shoemaker asked. Collie ran back into the room as if to say, "Yes, right away." "Vell, I'll see him a minute, den I must go," said the man. He crossed the hallway.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed when he saw the beggar. "Dot man is dead!" Collie looked at him uncomprehendingly.

Collie still did not understand when, the day after, two men came after his master and laid him on a stretcher. Nor did he understand when they carried his master downstairs and took him away in a long black automobile. But somehow, he knew that he should follow his master on his journey. So he attempted to follow the black auto in its rapid trip through town. Somewhere, though, he lost it, and found himself wandering through strange streets which he had never before seen. Eagerly he searched for his master, or for the black auto which had taken him away, but he found nothing that day.

Collie made his bed that night on the pavement in front of a huge skyscraper. But with the first peep of dawn he was up roaming the streets, attempting to find some trace of his master. Evening found him weary and footsore, but still vigilant and alert. He fed on scraps which he managed to steal from a garbage can.

Thus he continued for several days, ever seeking some trace of his master. Once he thought he had found him, when he saw the black auto going through the streets. He gave chase at once, but was again outrun.

One day Collie was crossing the street just as the black auto came along at break-neck speed. Heedless of all else, Collie at once started after the car which had taken his master from him. A sudden swerve around a street-car, a skid, and the black automobile raced on, leaving the mangled body of Collie on the pavement.

Collie howled in the anguish of his death wound and stirred convulsively. But, at the last of his struggles, he gave a yelp of happiness.

Collie had found his master.

Them Chivalrous Days

BY KARL BOTTKÉ

CAST

Claire Masters (A ten year old girl).

Billy Masters (Her blundering, eight year old brother.

Mrs. Masters

Grandma Masters

TIME: Present.

PLACE: A Wealthy Home in New York.

SCENE: A large tea is being given by Mrs. Masters in a beautifully furnished drawing room.

(Curtain rises)

'Midst subdued laughter and fragmentary gossip and many introductions, Mrs. Masters steps before curtained stage constructed in a large alcove at rear of room.

Mrs. Masters: I thought perhaps that this afternoon we might become very much bored and lack amusement, so I've had a little entertainment prepared to amuse us all!

(Subdued murmurs of delight.)

Grandma Masters: It's all? Why? I'm just beginning to enjoy myself. Mercy! Such people.

Mrs. A. V. Smith (patronizingly): No, Grandma. She said that she had prepared a program for us all.

(After having been duly announced, the velvet curtains are drawn aside. Claire is seen dressed as a princess and Billy as her brave prince.)

Claire (After a long pause, whispering loudly to Billy): Ah! maiden fair, thy golden hair—Go on!—(Waits impatiently. Billy stares as if transfixed at the large sea of smiling, upturned faces.)

Billy (in squeaky, shaky voice): Ah, maiden fair,

Thy golden hair

Holds—(A look of blank despair crosses his face as he asks: What's next?)

Claire (distractedly): Holds many charms for me!—What's the matter?—Mama'll be mad 'cause she thought you knew it!—Say something, anything!

Billy blurts out:

Ah, maiden fair

Thy golden hair

Holds many charms for me.

I love you, will you be my own?

We'll cross the sea on gallant steeds

And sail the boundless deserts.

Claire: Oh, Knight, if thou lovest me as thou dost claim, give me this wish that I do name: Bring me the head of the dragon, La Zane, And then wilt I give thee my love again.

Billy: For you I would do anything in the world, my dear. I'll hurry right back in one short year. (Roughly grabs her hand, kisses it, drops it, and runs out.)

Curtain

(Voices back of the curtain are heard quarreling crossly.)

Girl: Well, why can't you remember anything? Be more careful!

Boy: Oh gosh! This is fierce. Let's hurry through the rest of it.

Girl: Please try and remember this part.

Curtain Opens

Claire (sweetly): One year later.

Claire: Oh, 'tis sad repining, that I sent my love—

Designing to have him prove his courage to me.

'Twould have been by far the best—
In his arms to sigh and rest,

Than to have him prove his courage to me.

(A Tin Horn is Sounded)

Claire: The blare of bugles. Aha! (rushes to open window) 'Tis Sir Ralen, for truth!

Billy (rushing in; they embrace):

And how hast thou been?

Hast thou thought of me, then?

My heart rejoicing even evermore.

(Taking Claire's whispered advice to use more "th's" to make it more medieval.)

Yea! my heart is joyous righteth to the core.

Claire: But what of the Dragon's head?

Billy: Yea! it layeth on your bed.

Claire: Good! We now shall live forever in perfect bliss.

Billy: 'Tis true, my maid, just like in myths. (As they again start forward to clasp each other lovingly, clumsy Billy stumbles over the wide folds of the parted velvet curtains. He trips, and arm in arm Prince and Princess fall to the floor. For their crowning achievement they are covered by the falling curtains which have been jerked loose; and all this amid much laughter and applause, hard-earned, indeed.)

Curtain

Your First Suit

You have just come home from the clothing store where you have had purchased for you, your first coat and knickerbocker suit. You were very patient while being fitted—for good reason—for the joy was bubbling in your whole being at the prospect of having a real "suit."

Now that you are home again, you eagerly untie the big box, and almost reverently remove its contents. You only viewed yourself with the coat on in the big mirror at the store, but now you array yourself joyfully in the pants. You run your hands ecstatically down into the roomy side pockets, and strut about the room. You then explore the hip pockets, and now what do you discover but a cunning little pocket which mother says is your watch pocket. (You immediately decide to ask for a watch for your birthday.) Next you put on the pretty striped blouse and—oh boy! It has cuffs which require cuff links! Mother produces a pair of links from somewhere and shows you how to put them in the cuffs. Now for that gorgeous four-in-hand necktie—just like dad's—no more Windsor ties for you from now on. You cannot manage the intricacies of the knot which it requires, and again Mother helps. You are now ready for the coat. On it goes, and you run to the mirror to survey this real boy who looks out at you with such shining eyes. It is hard to realize that it is you.

Mercy! You have almost forgotten the crowning glory, the cap. You try it at different angles; Mother advises wearing it without any slant to either side. Finally "arrayed like Solomon in all his glory," you go out the door and down the street, for all the world to see and admire.

DONALD HIGGINS

When Mom's Gone

Gosh! It's fun when mom goes home,
And Dad and me keeps house alone.
I don't wash my hands nor comb my hair
Like mom makes me, when she is there.

We have the bestest stuff to eat;
Pie and cake and the most meat,
And I have butter a quarter inch thick,
And real black coffee, and I never get sick;

And Dad don't yell, "Now wipe your feet,"
Every time I come in out of the street.
And if I want to I stay up till nine;
I'll tell you what, my Pop's just fine.

JAMES GRAY

With My Regards

Arthur realized he was not getting the best of marks. When report cards came out, he was not surprised to find "D" was the popular mark. He had been dreading this day and on his way home he was lost in thought. Across the street John hailed him. "What kind of marks did you get?" To this query Arthur never replied. He was trying to think of some way to pass his marks off lightly to his parents.

When Arthur walked into the house he handed his mother his card saying, "With my regards."

His mother glanced over the card and then said, "Why, Arthur, there is nothing funny about this!"

"I did as well as I could," said Arthur.

"I shall report this to your father this evening," said his mother.

"I believe that teacher had a grudge against me. She gave John all 'A's,'" pleaded Arthur.

"We shall see when your father comes this evening," said his mother.

The afternoon was surely not enjoyed by Arthur. That evening he heard his mother say to his father, "His report card is simply terrible, and that remark he made when he handed it to me."

After supper Arthur's father called him into the other room, and after he finished wielding the slipper, he said, "With my regards."

CARROL RINGWALT

A bed of violets blue, I saw
Within a grassy plot,
With faces upturned to the sky
Theirs seemed a happy lot.

To bloom with color, bright and gay,
To charm with quiet grace,
All those who passed along that way
Or sought a restful place.

Let us, like violets, too, give cheer
To all who pass us by;
With faces always smiling,
To be cheerful, let us try.

For violets too, have rainy days,
But whate'er be the weather,
With faces gay, they seem to say
"We'll brave the storm together."

RUTH WIRTH

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

A man's true wealth is the good he does in the world.
—Mohammed.

Modern Surroundings

How do modern surroundings better the character of the present generation? They don't. No, my friends, I cannot bear to stand idly by and watch the innocent world struggle on under such a false impression. Modern surroundings *do not* better the character of the present generation; and, furthermore, I have proof.

Let us turn back to Shakespeare, the world's most famous playwright. If you will recall, dear reader, he was without the influence of modern surroundings. What would have happened to Bassanio, I ask you, if Portia's maids had substituted jazz for the song they sang as he chose the casket? What would have happened to Titania and Oberon if the modern psychologists had informed the world that they were optical illusions or mere visions of the subconscious mind? We shall not stop with Shakespeare, however. Let us pass on to Dickens. It would have been sad indeed had old Doctor Manette been forced to manufacture goloshes or Russian boots instead of shoes. He couldn't have done it; and, therefore, the whole story would have been ruined.

Dumas, our celebrated French author, would never have been a literary success in this age. Do you suppose that young Edmond would have wasted his time trying to dig out of prison in this decade? No, indeed; he would have erected a radio set and sent a message to Mercedes before he had been there twenty-four hours, and another good book would have been ruined by the influence of modern surroundings.

H. O.

"Hullo"

When you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say, "Hullo!"
Say, "Hullo," and "How d'ye do?"
"How's the world a usin' you?"
Slap the fellow on the back;
Bring your hand down with a whack;
Walk right up, and don't go slow,
Grin an' shake an' say, "Hullo."

Is he clothed in rags? Oh, sho;
Walk right up and say, "Hullo."
Rags is but a cotton roll,
Jest for wrappin' up a soul,
An' a soul is worth a true
Hale and hearty, "How d'ye do?"
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
Walk right up and say, "Hullo."

When big vessels meet, they say
They salute an' sail away,
Jest the same as you and me,
Lonesome ships upon the sea,
Each one sailin' his own log,
For a port behind the fog.
Let the speakin' trumpet blow,
Lift your horn an' cry, "Hullo!"

—Exchange

Another Parody

Thank goodness! the crisis—
The danger is past;
And the long dreaded horrors
Are over at last;
And the fever called "Fearful"
Is conquered at last.

Sadly I knew
I was robbed of my pep,
And no hairs did I stir
As I took each slow step;
But no matter! I felt
That I wanted no pep.

But the moaning and groaning,
The fears and the prying,
Are quiet now;
With that horrible crying
At heart—oh, that horrible,
Horrible crying!

The dreading, the hoping,
The pitiless pain
Have ceased, with the hot tears
That once fell like rain;
With the hot tears and dreading
That burned on my brain.

And oh! of all tortures,
That torture, the worst,
Has abated—the terrible
Fear that came first.
And I am so grateful
That I could just burst—

For she gave me a "C"
When I looked for the worst.

JOSEPHINE KENNEDY

To fill each hour with sixty minutes of worthwhile effort—to be cheerful and useful—is about the best way to insure the end of a perfect day.

Nugget

Base Ball

Everything's a goin' like I want to see it go
When all my work is finished, and there ain't
no grass to mow.

And I get to go to the ball game on kid's day.
free,

I don't have to tear my clothes from climbin'
up a tree,

Fer, as Ma says, my clothes is tore enough
Since all the kids on our street is kinda
tough.

I starts out to the ball park, and I'm not
goin' very slow

'Cause I got my feet to goin' like I want to
see 'em go.

Everything's a hoppin' like I want to see it hop
As I walks thru' the gate past Mike, the ball-
ground cop.

I runs over to the bleachers where I always
goes to sit,

'Cause I likes to hear the men talk and watch
them chew and spit.

The pitcher as he walks by me says, "How's
my little boy?"

When I hears this, I feel so proud I could
almost die from joy;

The pitcher starts to warmin' up, and he
throws a pretty drop.

He starts the ball to hoppin' like he wants to
have it hop.

Everything's a runnin' like I want to see it
run.

The players plays the game like they wants
to have it won;

The pitcher on our team is pitching great
baseball,

And no one on the other team can hit his
curves at all;

We makes no score till shortstop "Reddy"
comes up to bat,

He wants to hit that ball where the fielders
isn't at;

He whales away and hits the ball; he smacks
that ball a ton

And "Reddy" starts to runnin' like he's goin'
to make a run.

Everybody's hittin' like I want to see 'em hit,
The catcher on the other side, he doesn't need
a mitt;

Our team keeps up a hittin' and a pilin' up
the score,

They'll easy get a dozen runs, and maybe a
whole lot more.

The other guys, poor things, can't get a single
run

While our guys is all happy 'cause they got
the pennant won.

They've worked and worked and won it, each
one's done his bit.

And so they've come to quittin' time, just
like they want to quit.

Old Fashioned Remedies

If you have ever had any of those well meant
and effective, old-fashioned remedies inflicted
upon you, we are assured of an appreciative
listener; and those who are not acquainted with
the aforementioned methods of medical treat-
ment will be enlightened and benefited, we feel
sure, by our description of a typical case.

You have a cold, we'll say, and a cold is
"liable to run into pneumonia" so your folks
"take you in hand." Grandma immediately ad-
vises a hot bath, following which you are put
to bed. The blankets are heated and covers piled
on by the dozens. To further insure your tort-
ure, heated irons, wrapped in old cloths, are
poked around you. Then your chest is greased
with a sweet-smelling mixture of hot turpentine,
coal oil, and lard; and hot flannel is applied
to it. Previous to this your feet have been put
into a basin of scalding hot water for ten min-
utes. Red hot ginger tea, too, plays no insigni-
ficant part in working the miracle. Finally, your
tormentors consent to leave you alone to "sweat
it out," after having shut all the windows and
doors air tight and having exacted the promise
that you will "keep the covers on" and "lie
still."

Now, however merciless, no one can deny
that this treatment is effective. The following
day you are as good as new except that you
are weak and "limp as a rag"—is it any
wonder?

R. F.

To the Star Flower

Dear little star flower, so softly swaying
Deep in the wild wood, mid grasses playing;
Pure shining blossom, tender and sweet,
You lift your petals, the morning to greet.
Dainty white star flower, joyously dancing
With the light zepthers round you prancing.
Herald of the springtime, radiant bloom
With stately movement, you bow to the noon.
Sweet fragrant star flower, evening is come,
Close your soft petals, for day is done.
Then high above you, clear and still.
Come the stars in God's garden, your place
to fill.

HELEN GORDON

The Inquisitive Juno

One day Hermes came to the house of Jupiter and asked if he was in. The servant said, "No, he has gone to punish wrong-doers."

Juno, who heard Hermes ask for Jupiter, knew that he had a message and being curious said, "Hermes, give me that message."

"I am supposed to give it only to Jupiter but I guess it will not hurt to let you see it." So he gave it to Juno.

He was about to leave when she said, "Wait a minute. I may want you to answer some questions."

She read the note and found that it was a request from some one to see Jupiter at the foot of a certain mountain. Juno, being jealous, asked, "Hermes, where did you get this note and from whom?"

"I am not supposed to tell, and will be punished if I do."

"I will protect you. Where did you get it?"

Just then Jupiter came up and asked, "What is all this fuss about?"

And Hermes replied, "I brought a message for you and Juno tried to find out all about it."

Jupiter read the note and burst into a great peal of laughter. Then he said, "Juno, you thought you would spy into my business but it was only a note from Vulcan about some thunderbolts."

HOWARD CHRISTMAN

The Quitting Whistle

The smudgy atmosphere of the mill district is surcharged with expectancy. Everywhere can be felt the nearness of some impending event. In the factories everybody, from the boss molder down to the smallest ten-year-old pit boy, relaxes as the hour approaches for his toil to end. The slatternly women who tend the looms shout bits of gossip to their neighboring workers. Even the machines run with a lighter noise, as if they are conscious of the fact that they soon will enjoy a rest.

Suddenly a cord is jerked by the engineer of the knitting mills. From the exhaust on the roof of the boiler-room issues a deafening shriek which can be likened only to the cry of a wounded bull-elephant. Other whistles join in the chorus. The industrial Bulls of Bashan bellow brazen-throatedly, but only for a moment. Then, hearing the sounds which mark the shutting off of the power which propelled the machines, they clear their throats with a final "toot," and lapse into silence. W. McD.

The Sun

It marks the resurrection of a hope that's passed away;

It marks the fair beginning of a brighter, newer day,

A time when lives awaken to their battles yet unwon;

'Tis the rising of a monarch! 'Tis the rising of the sun.

It rises in the heavens and it tries its best, it seems,

To brighten up our pathways with its warming, radiant beams.

Sometimes its rays are clouded and it does not shine so bright,

Just like our lives are clouded with the hardships that we fight.

But when the day is over we see it setting low,

And dusk falls on it suddenly—a shadow on its glow—

And when our lives are over, we shall go to seek our rest,

Towards the place the sun is traveling, that "Great Eternal West."

J. AUSTIN NUTT

Our Duty to Our School

(With Apologies to Edgar Guest)

Less hate and greed

Is what we need

And more of service true;

More folks to love

The school we love

And keep it first in view.

Less boast and fool

About the school,

More faith in what it means;

More heads erect,

More self-respect,

Less talk of "Campus Scenes."

'Tis we must love

That school above

Others with might and main;

For from our hands,

Our faith demands,

Shall come dishonors slain.

If that school be

Dishonored, we

Have done it, not the foe;

If it shall fall

We first of all

Shall be to strike a blow.



Mr. Morgan



Mr. Craig



Mr. Greene

Informal
Portraits!



Mr. Stuart

In Our
Office.....



Miss Thatcher



Mrs. Harrison



Miss Evans



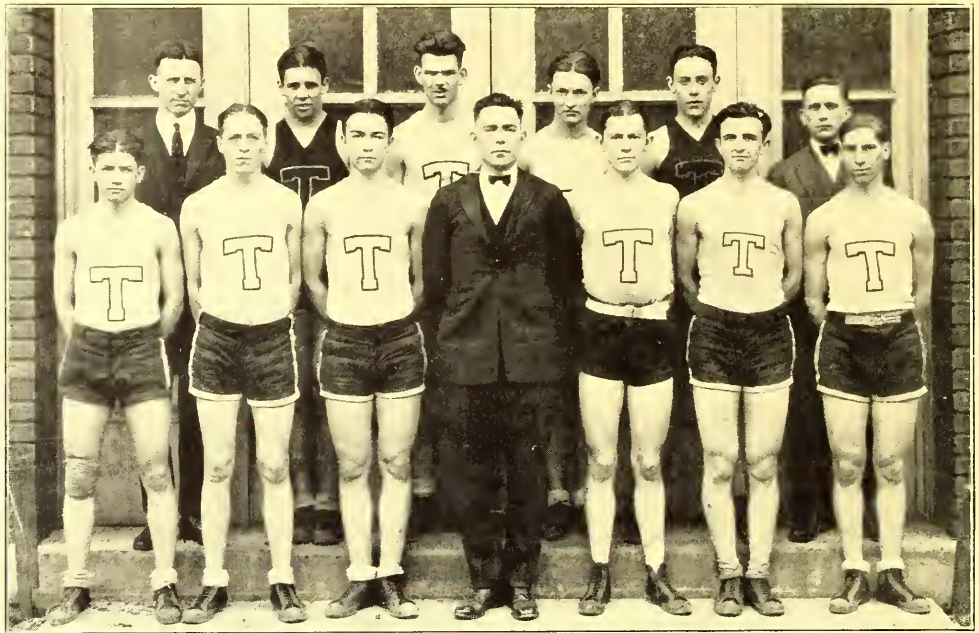
Miss Gray



Miss Howe



Orville Henderson. Cal. Art. 22



Mr. Gorman (manager), Hagaman, Gordon, McClain, Hawkins, Mr. Leverenz (assistant coach)
Wehrel, Hite, Hickman, Mr. Black (coach), Schultze, Lee, Feltman

Basket Ball 1922-23

The season of 1922-23 in basket ball was an off one for Tech. With practically an entirely new team, Tech faced one of the stiffest schedules of any high school in the state. Time and again our team was disheartened by one and two point losses, but it kept fighting away, waiting for the tide to turn, until it defeated the strong Jefferson team of Lafayette, 34 to 31, in the last pre-sectional game.

Coach Black made numerous shifts in the lineup during the season in an effort to find a winning combination. Over twenty different boys played on the first team during the sixteen game schedule.

Tech opened the season at the Y. M. C. A. with a 32 to 31 heart-breaking loss to Logansport. Martinsville romped away with the Green and White on their floor, 58 to 14. Shortridge prevented our hearts from mending by a 22 to 19 victory at Tomlinson Hall. Mooresville, there, by a score of 24 to 21, and Steele of Dayton, there, 23 to 21, helped pile up the "almost wins."

Columbus defeated us, 48 to 22, in their gym. Then Manual won, 26 to 13, at Tomlinson Hall.

Shelbyville slipped over a 31 to 28 victory, there; and Marion scored a 28 to 23 win at the Y. Franklin took our measure, 37 to 25, at Tomlinson Hall. Louisville sneaked out a 30 to 29 victory on their floor.

Tech won her first game of the season over Southport in our gym, 33 to 26. As if to make up for it, Vincennes defeated us, 40 to 22, at the Y, and Bloomington won, 37 to 25, at Tomlinson Hall. Tech almost grabbed the Bedford game at the Y out of the fire, but the final score was Bedford 36, Tech 35. The glorious win over Jefferson finished the schedule.

In the sectional, Tech eliminated the strong West Newton team in the first round, 25 to 21. In the last half of the second game, our team weakened and Valley Mills won, 19 to 14. Manual won the meet.

The whole story of the past season is one of "almosts." In seven games our team scored 184 points to their opponents 198 points, and lost every one of the seven. With practically the same team and a reasonable degree of luck, watch our smoke next year.

Baseball in 1923

Just before spring vacation, a shock was received which upset the entire student body. Coach Kingsolver who last spring turned out a championship nine, announced that he was going to leave Tech. He intended to play professional ball in the Three I League this summer and then go to the University of California this fall.

After this came the appointment of a new coach. The proper officials did their work well in finding a competent coach because when students came back from spring vacation, Mr. John Mueller was at the head of baseball. Practice started immediately on our athletic field where a diamond had been laid out.

The team was away to a flying start when it defeated Southport, Wednesday, April eighteenth, in a close game which ended 4—3. Klein and McLaughlin were the Southport batteries, and Peterson and C. Jordan started for Tech. Purdy, E. Jordan, and Mercer each got a chance to show his wares in this game in the box. Many errors were made on both sides.

On the next Friday Tech journeyed to Mooresville and came back with a 21—6 victory to her credit. Hard hitting featured the play of our team but again the errors spoiled a good game. Van Arsdale pitched the greater part of

Track In 1923

After losing almost all of his 1922 state championship track team, Coach Black built up such a strong combination for 1923 that it took the sectional with 35 4-5 points. Both fall and spring practice contributed to the making of the team. The state meet came off too late for its results to be published in this magazine.

Langlais, Clift, Maxwell, Smith, Neff, W. Johnson, and Wilson won the right to enter the state meet. Maxwell continued his good work in the mile run. Up to the state he won every race without even being pressed. Clift did well in both low and high hurdles.

About the middle of the season Henry Johnson, star pole vaulter, died of appendicitis. His loss was greatly felt by the team.

In presectional meets, Tech won three and lost two. The results were:

Tech 53; Elwood 32 1-2; Shortridge 9 1-2.

Tech 50; Nobelsville 49.

Tech 51 2-3; Shortridge 22 1-3; Southport 17; Brownsburg 5; New Bethel 4.

Tech 48 1-2; Anderson 49 1-2.

Tech 39; Connersville 60.

What They Won

One game they had won

Girls' Basket-Ball Team Has a Successful Season

Tech's girls' basket-ball team had a very successful season during the year of 1922-23. Only two of the eleven games were played at Tech. The games and scores are as follows:

Tech, 17.....	Silent Hoosiers, 6
Tech, 15.....	Third Christian Church, 13
Tech, 8.....	Hoosier A. C., 9
Tech, 7.....	Y. B. W. C., 9
Tech, 27.....	Shortridge, 14
Tech, 19.....	Butler, 21
Tech, 17.....	Do Shai Kais, 2
Tech, 19.....	Manual, 25
Tech, 9.....	Hoosier A. C., 8
Tech, 26.....	Manual, 24
Tech, 28.....	Shortridge, 19

At the first call many girls turned out. League teams were organized under Miss Abbett, Miss McKenzie, Miss Howe, and Miss Smith. These league teams played for the championship. Miss Abbett's three teams eliminated all the rest. Then these three teams played it out. From these teams the first team was picked.

Miss Abbett, the coach, kept two teams to practice; but only the one team was kept to play outside teams.

Geraldine Hessler (Capt.) first played guard but was later shifted to center where she played a good game for the rest of the season. Lorene Allen first played forward but turned out to be a snappy side-center. Beulah Kealing has a very good eye for the basket. Margaret Graham is her partner, and they get some good pass work in and then a basket. Irma Iselin is one of the very dependable guards. Edith Hamilton is not so tall but she very seldom lets the forward she guards get the ball. Angeline Olsen played forward at first but when the occasion called for a guard she played a good game at that position. A great deal of this season's success belongs to Miss Abbett, who coached the team.

The members of the team who graduate in June are: Geraldine Hessler, Beulah Kealing, Margaret Graham, Irma Iselin, and Angeline Olsen.



Mr. Gorman (manager), Hagaman, Gordon, McClain, Hawkins, Mr. Leverenz (assistant coach)
Wehrel, Hite, Hickman, Mr. Black (coach), Schultze, Lee, Feltman



Mr. Black, basket ball and track

Mr. Lampert, football, track; Mr. Cleveland, asst. football; Mr. Chenoweth, asst. track; Mr. Copple, basket ball
Mr. Kettery, freshman basket ball; Mr. Gorman, athletic manager; Mr. Mueller, baseball and assistant football
Mr. Leverenz, assistant basket ball

Basket-ball Schedule for 1923

Dec. 14	Sheridan
Dec. 21	Elwood
Dec. 29	Richmond
Jan. 5	Shortridge
Jan. 11	Louisville
Jan. 12	Tech at Newcastle
Jan. 19	Manual
Jan. 25	Tech at Greencastle
Jan. 26	Tech at Franklin
Feb. 1	Tech at Bedford
Feb. 2	Tech at Bloomington
Feb. 8	Tech at Marion
Feb. 9	Shelbyville
Feb. 16	Martinsville
Feb. 22	Tech at Vincennes

Football Schedule for 1923

Sept. 28	Steel (Dayton) here.
Oct. 5	Garfield (Terre Haute) here.
Oct. 13	At Elwood.
Oct. 19	Sheridan here.
Oct. 26	South Side High (Fort Wayne) here.
Nov. 2	Manual here.
Nov. 9	Male (Louisville) here.
Nov. 17	At Kirklin.
Nov. 28	Shortridge here.

In preparation for the state track meet which was held on our athletic field the nineteenth of May, students made speeches in the roll rooms about the duties of Tech students as hosts to the other schools.

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On the next Friday Tech journeyed to Mooresville and came back with a 21—6 victory to her credit. Hard hitting featured the play of our team but again the errors spoiled a good game. Van Arsdale pitched the greater part of this game.

Wednesday, April twenty-fifth, West Newton came here to play the Green and White team. The result was another Tech victory with a 17—6 score. Errors let in most of West Newton's runs but hard hitting made up for this.

On the following Friday, Bloomington furnished the opposition on Tech Field and again Tech hit the ball hard for a 16—4 victory. Peterson worked nicely in this game.

Tuesday, May first, was the day of the opening game of the city series. In this game Tech met Shortridge on our own field. After the second inning of the scrap in which our team scored ten runs, the game was on ice. The final result was 16—5. Again Peterson pitched nice ball, striking out twelve men and allowing only one hit.

The remaining games are:

May 9 Tech at Newcastle (rain)
May 11 Shelbyville here (rain)
May 15 Manual 6, Tech 5
May 18 Tech at Pendleton
May 23 Tech at Greencastle
May 29 Shortridge
June 1 Manual

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Tech 39; Connorsville 60.

What They Won

One game they had won

In score and spirit too,—

Another they had begun
And all were pushing it thru.

How they did fight and tumble
For their school so brave,
But never were seen to fumble,
While the audience watched so grave.

Harder! and harder! they fought
For they were going to win;
And never forgetting what they sought
They fought! they fought! and fought again.

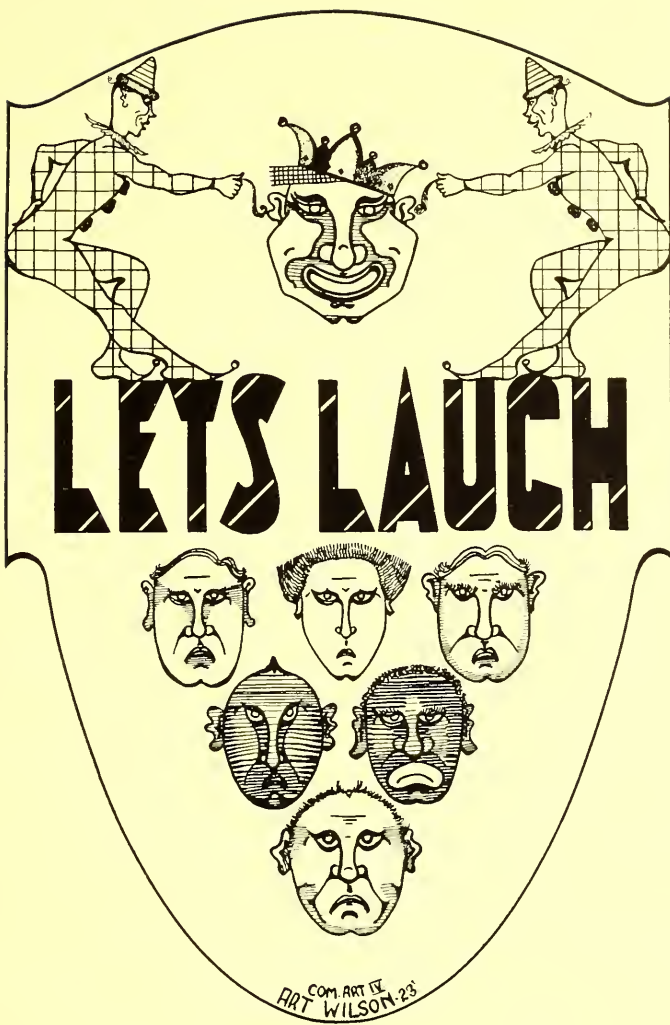
But when the gun signal sounded,
And they knew they'd lost the game,
They were not real downhearted,
For in spirit they'd won fame.

EARL THOMPSON

Another term is over now,
And all our troubles, too,
And we are wondering just how
We ever did get through.
Glad vacation's here at last,
No small voice to kill my joy
By saying now as in the past,
"Get your lessons first, my boy!"



On The
Athletic
Field
▽



Favorite Songs

Charlotte Reissner—"Send Back My Honey Man."

Lane Schultze—"Who'll Take My Place When I'm Gone?"

Elmer Thompson and Fred Schick—"Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Scheen."

Manual Leve—"Gee I Hate to Go Home Alone."

Daisy Folkerth—"Say It With Dancing."

Angeline Olson—"I Love Sweet Angeline."

Chad Williamson—"What's Your Hurry?"

Orville Henderson—"Lovable Eyes."

Richard Frazee—"If You Don't Think So You're Crazy."

George Cottrell—"Don't Bring Me Posies."

James Day—"Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"

Paul Emert—"All For the Love of Mike."

Stanley Williams and Howard Caldwell—"Bad Little Boys."

Grace Elizabeth Lashbrook—"She's Lovely."

Welby Lewis—"Cow Bells."

Allan Majors—"Vamp Me."

Don McCaslin—"Lost—A Wonderful Girl."

Agnes Search—"Sweet Lady."

Cleo Peterson—"A Picture Without A Frame."

Dale Schofner and Harold Zimmerman—"Childhood Days."

Suzanne Kolhoff—"Cutie."

Robert Webb—"For Crying Out Loud."

Edward Ragman—"The Old Oaken Bucket."

UNEQUAL LOSSES

Frederick was sitting on the curb, crying, when Billy came along and asked him what was the matter.

"Oh, I feel so bad 'cause Major's dead—my nice old collie," sobbed Frederick.

"Shucks!" said Billy. "My grandmother's been dead a week and you don't catch me crying."

Frederick gave his eyes and nose a swipe with his hand and, looking up at Billy, sobbed despairingly:

"Yes, but you didn't raise your grandmother from a pup."

—*Harper's Magazine*

His dark rich blood flowed on my hand,

In vain I tried to stop the flow,

And somehow I could not understand,

That now at last my friend must go.

I held him close in agony

And thought of what a friend he'd been

Through all the days he worked with me;

My dear old trusty Fountain Pen.

A Freshie's Idea

OF THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN OCEAN VOYAGE AND A LAND TRIP

The sea is a large body of salt water less than the ocean, while land is the solid part of the surface of the earth—a place to live on which is much needed.

There is a great difference between solidness and unsolidness. When a thing is solid it is firm; stands still; is not movable. But when it is unsolid it cannot be walked upon. The unsolid is water, and the solid is land.

While traveling on sea your life is in danger because if a sea should break your life would be no more. It is also lonesome on the sea because you hardly see anything besides water.

But while traveling on land your life is safe only from accident. But you are on solid ground. You are not lonesome because you see everything.

At a Christmas dinner in Washington a well-known professor was called upon to speak. In introducing him the host said to the guests: "You have been giving your attention so far to a turkey stuffed with sage. You are now about to give your attention to a sage stuffed with turkey."

The following is an announcement of a preacher, preaching his farewell sermon to his congregation, that had been rather slow and uncertain about his salary: "Now brethern, I have been appointed chaplain of the state penitentiary and this will be my last Sunday among you. I will preach from the text, 'I go to prepare a place for you,' after which the choir will sing, Meet Me There."

"Yes indeed," gurgled Mabel, "I can read William like a book."

"How foolish," piped the young man, spitefully, "I wouldn't strain my eyes over such small type."

"George Washington couldn't tell a lie."

"Well, that's where Mr. Miller has George Washington skinned. He can tell 'em a mile off."

THEY WERE

Gentleman (who has only five minutes before his train leaves): Boy, go to room 8 in the hotel and see if my brush and comb are there.

Boy (returning four minutes later): Yes, sir, they're there.

—*Exchange*

Remember Those Days—

When you used to carry a little muff with a pocketbook on top, and the whole affair hung around your neck on a long cord?

When you wore a red or blue rain-cape with "Teddy bear" buttons?

When you were clad in immaculate white stockings and a dark blue suit?

When you carried a school-bag?

When your mittens were tied to a string?

When you insisted upon your poor teacher coming home to lunch with you?

When your handkerchief was nicely pinned to your dress?

When you created a pushmobile, after the races?

When you wore black shoes with red tops?

When you splashed along in rubber boots and carried your shoes?

When you were "crazy" to take your lunch to school?

When you paid your week's allowance for an agate?

When, clad in a newspaper soldier hat and armed with a broomstick, you marched up and down the street?

When you had a birthday party and every one brought you a present?

When you played "Tap-you-on-the-ice-box" and "Stoop Tag"?

When you crossed your heart to die, and then counted a thousand?

Customer: I would like to look at your watered silk.

Clerk (who was rather green): Sorry, lady, but we keep nothing but dry goods here.

—Exchange

SPRING FEVER

Visitor: Don't you have a curfew?

Native: Well, we did have one but we cut it out.

Visitor: Why?

Native: Because it woke the people up.

Bill Collector: You are sure your mother's out?

Boy: Sure; but wait and I'll go ask her again.

Professor's Wife: I suppose you have forgotten this is your wedding anniversary?

Absent-minded Husband: Er! What? Dear me! Is it really? And when is yours, my dear?

Don't

1. Chew gum in school. It gets on the faculty's nerves.

2. Fall down stairs. It's dangerous.

3. Talk in auditorium. People are hired for that, so what's the use of wasting energy.

4. Fail to laugh at the CANNON's jokes. They may have a point.

5. Try to bluff the teachers. Some of the ought-to-be-seniors found it disastrous.

TO TELL A PATELLA

The little daughter of a Chicago public-school principal is now a pupil at the experimental school at the university, where she learns some things not taught in the regular city schools. One day her father found her crying. "What's the matter, Noreen?" he asked.

"I fell and bumped my patella," she replied. (Remember, this was in Chicago, and not in Boston.) Father was sympathetic. "Poor little girl," he said, and proceeded, with the best intentions, to examine her elbow. Noreen broke away.

"Huh!" she snorted. "I said my patella! That isn't my elbow. My elbow is my great sesamoid." Father went for a dictionary.

—The Christian Register

Notice: Do your Xmas Shopping Early. Only six months till Christmas.

Hank: When you go down to get the groceries for supper, see if the grocer has calf brains.

Uncle Sam (upon returning): I couldn't see because he had his hat on. —Exchange

Sonny: Aw, Pop. I don't want to study arithmetic.

Pop: What! A son of mine grow up and not be able to figure up baseball scores and batting averages? Never!

Johnny comes back to school after being ill for a while.

Miss White: Where were you sick, Johnny, in your throat or your stomach?

Johnny: I was sick in bed. —Exchange

Small Boy: Columbus's father was a barber.

Teacher: Why, Johnny, where did you get that idea?

Small boy: You told us that yesterday. You read out of a book, and said Columbus's father was a wool comber. —Exchange

Vacation

(A tragedy in five acts.)

Act I

Scene:—Roll room. Time:—February 21, 1923

Teacher:—I am sure the first announcement will please you. It states that there will be no school tomorrow as that is Washington's birthday.

First Student:—Hurrah!

Second Student:—Ditto!

Third Student:—Wheee!

All:—Great! Hot Dog!

Act II

Time:—Same. Scene I (History class.)

Teacher:—And now for Friday's assignment.

Students:—Heck! Blame it! Ye guides!

Scene II (English class.)

Ditto.

Scene III (Chemistry class.)

Ditto.

Scene IV (Latin class.)

Ditto.

Act III

Time:—Same. Scene:—Home.

Student:—Hey, Mother! Get a vacation tomorrow. Isn't that great, just great? Got a few lessons to get but I'll do them in the morning so I can work on my radio in the evening.

Mother:—Well, that is fine. (Exit.)

Student:—I wonder if I can get those lessons done early? (Exits, thinking.)

Act IV

Time:—Next day at 1 P. M. Scene I (Home. Student at desk.)

Student (Mumbling):—Ye guides! Worked all morning on this English. Got some chemistry work to make up, too. Ye guides!

Scene II Same. (Three hours later.)

Student:—Just finished my English! Got tomorrow's lessons and my chemistry to get yet.

Scene III Same. (12:30 P. M.)

Student:—(Words censored.) Just finished! Some vacation! Ye guides!

Act V

Time:—February 23, 1923 Scene:—School.

Student:—Ho hum! (Rubs eyes.) Gotta keep awake. (Dozes.)

Teacher:—John, answer the third question.

Student (Dazedly):—Huh? What? Which question?

Teacher:—Come with me! (Exeunt towards office.)

Epilogue.

(Student passes on way to office.)

Student:—Lessons, lessons, lessons. Vacation? Bah! Humbug!

MILTON ELROD

"T'WAS EVER THUS

"I lead a fast life," said the permanent color as it splashed into the tub and dyed.

"Oh well," sighed the old oaken bucket.

"I'm tired," said the rim as they put on a new one.

"Rats!!" shouted Edith as she dropped a handful of brown hair.

"I'm on the track," said the detective as he watched the train approach.

"I'm entering society," said the oyster as Mrs. Vanderbilt swallowed it.

THE LIVELY GERM

Seven-year-old Mary had been repeatedly cautioned against handling any object that might contain germs. "Mother," she said, "I shall never play with my puppy any more, because he has germs on him."

"Oh, no!" replied the mother. "There are no germs on your puppy."

"Yes, there are," insisted the child. "I saw one hop." —*Philadelphia Public Ledger*

HONEST MAN

There is a preacher in Kansas who should have his salary raised for making the following announcement from his pulpit: "Brethren, the janitor and I will hold our regular prayer-meeting next Wednesday evening as usual."

Valet—Beg pardon, sir. It's raining outside.

Mr. Grouch—Well, let it rain. I don't care.

Valet—Very good, sir! I shall do so, sir.

He was newly arrived in this country and was none too familiar with the use of the telephone, so he took the receiver and demanded:

"Aye want to talk to my wife!"

Central's voice came back sweetly. "Number, please?"

"Oh," he replied, perfectly willing to help out, "she bane my second vun."

"Little Girl Dies From Eating Tablets"—headline. Uh-huh! Another case of that ravenous hunger for knowledge.

Lewis' Part Time
Agency

This is the Age
of Specialists

Let me get your
Part Time

Welby Lewis, Prop.

Rid Yourself
of Bashfulness

Through My
Guaranteed System

—
Money back if not
Satisfied

Archie Langlais

For Speed
and Accuracy

Let Me Do Your
Typing

William Westfall

Learn the popular
art of *Stalling*

Taught With Ease by
KENNARD DAVIES

Reasonable Rates

Ye Delicatessen Shoppe

Raisin Bread
and
Potato Chips
A Specialty

*Come in and watch me
EAT*

Bertha Green, Prop.

Let Me Show You
How To Reduce

RESULTS
SURE

Eloise Owings

"Perseverance" Our
Motto

Let us *Collect*
for You

Meek & Walker Inc.

Wrestling Bouts
for All Formal
Occasions

Furnished Reasonably

Mr. Twineham

Stay-Put Hairpins
For Sale

*

C. & C. Roberts

Hot Off The Press!

The Fate
of West Newton

BY BAY FELTMAN

Dedicated to Hank
Price \$2.50

Bright Remarks
for All Occasions

Let Me Furnish
Your Party
With Amusement

Sunny Caldwell

Myers Advertising
Agency

Let Me
Put It Over Big

Sandy Myers, Prop.

Bill Sees the Circus

Gee, Pop took me to see the circus last night. When we got out to the place where the circus is held, we walked down a road between the side shows. Say, they was sure funny. One of 'em had the picture of a great, big, fat lady on the front of it. Gee whiz, she was even bigger than Ma is. Then they had a giant, and a dwarf, and a lady what draped snakes around her neck and didn't mind it at all. Sis ain't like her. Ever' time Sis sees a fishin' worm she yells. Then we went inside and saw the monkeys and the elephants and ever'thing. Dad bought some peanuts and we fed the monkeys and elephants. I only got to feed them about three peanuts 'cause Dad wouldn't let me. When we got inside the big tent with the rings in it, some lady what was standing around lookin' at the men asked Dad to tie her shoe string, and when Dad did it, everybody laughed but I don't know why. Pretty soon there was a parade went around the tent. Gee, they sure had some swell lookin' ladies in it. Some of 'em were dressed up like Cleopatra or King Tut's wife, I don't know which. Gosh, I wish Dot, that is my girl, was as pretty as them. Then they had a lot of clowns, and girls and men what swung on ropes way up in the air. I came home and tried to do some of the things they did this morning, but for some reason or other I fell off and liked to busted my bean. Guess is must take lots of practice to do them things. Finally some ladies came in and rode around on some horses standin' up and not holdin' on or anything. After that Dad bought me a balloon and we came home. Ma said that if Dad went to another circus this year she would know he was in his second childhood.

Father: Are you satisfied with school, son?

Son: No; they made me wash my face, and my dog bit me 'cause he didn't know me.

Edwin: Say, dad, remember that story you told me about when you were expelled from school?

Dad: Yes.

Ed: Well, I was just thinking, dad, how true it is that history repeats itself. —*Exchange*

Lewis: Now tell the truth, do girls like the talkative fellows as well as the other kind?

Louise: What other kind?

Of all popular words of tongue or pen the most popular are, "Sign my CANNON?"

The Desire

It was warm—very, very warm.

Noises and passionate voices came from the room.

"Please."

"No!" (Decidedly.)

"Just one."

"No, Jimmy!" (Muffled and rather less decidedly.)

"You know what I told you."

"Oh, I know, but one won't matter, and I'll not ask you again."

(Almost persuaded.) "But think of the consequences, Jimmy boy, to-morrow you will only be sorry."

"No, I won't, and I'll not ask for any more."

(Taking head out of oven.) "Well, for goodness sake, take one then and get out of here. How do you ever expect mama to bake all those cookies?" —*Exchange*

"Hey, Mike, don't come down on that ladder on the north corner because I took it away."

"I want a pair of socks" said the worthy Russell Moore.

Clerk: "What number?"

Russell: "Two, of course! Do I look like a centipede?" —*Exchange*

Maggie's sweetheart, a proverbial tightfisted Scot, had taken her out for the afternoon; and that was about all. They rode some distance on the trolley, turned around, and rode home again. Never was mention made of food or entertainment.

Back within her own gateway, Maggie, who had keenly felt neglected, sarcastically proffered Sandy a dime.

"For the carfare you spent on me," she said meaningly.

"Hoot, toots, woman," returned Sandy pocketing the coin, "there was nae hurry. Saturday wad hae been time enough." —*Exchange*

Tramp: I've eaten nothin' but snowballs for three days, mum.

Lady: You poor man! What would you have done had it been summer time?

Parent: Daughter, I'm ashamed of you. Why, you don't even know the ten commandments.

Flapper Daughter: I don't think I do, but if you'll whistle the first part of it, I think I can follow you.

Good Books

"The Age of Innocence"—Walter Browning
 "The Light that Failed"—Dick Benedict
 "Desert Gold"—Agnes Search
 "Great Expectations"—Leva Hatch
 "Pickwick Papers"—Ray Hitchcock
 "The Rubaiyat"—Gareth DeMotte
 "The Power of Concentration"—Chester Shuman
 "The Motion for Adjournment"—John Loftus
 "Webbs New Rules of Order"—Robert Webb, A. B. A. M.
 "The Student: His Conscience"—Arneeta Ogden
 "How to Talk Convincingly"—Robert Burt
 "Blondes Preferred"—Mary Murphy
 "Good English: How to Use It"—Margaret Pierson
 "Just So"—James Daggett
 "How to Get Excited"—Catherine Cryan
 "My First D: A Fantasy"—Josephine O'Donnell
 "How to Acquire a Good Memory"—Hannah Noone
 "Proficiency in Typewriting"—Lucile O'Connor

Jimmy—May I have the William of fare?
 Waiter—The what?

Jimmy—The William of fare. You see I don't know him well enough to call him bill.

An Irish policeman, patrolling his beat in Pittsburg, came upon a dead horse lying in Dequesne Way. He promptly took out his pencil and pad to make a report. He began, "Found a dead horse lying in—" He stopped. He could not spell Dequesne. He put his pencil and pad in his pocket, grabbed the horse by the tail, dragged him around the corner into First St., where he made the report.

He tried a culvert,
 Made a miss—
 His auto landed,

just like this—too bad
 —Exchange

The class composition was on "Kings" and this is what one boy wrote: "The most powerful king on earth is Wor-king; the laziest, Shir-king; the wittiest, Jo-king; the thirstiest, Drin-king; the slyest, Win-king; and the noisiest, Tal-king."

—Exchange

Questionnaire

Applicants for the position of swineherd on our heavily mortgaged estate are required to answer the following test questions:

1. Who is mayor of What Cheer, Iowa?
2. When were mustache cups barred in Montana?
3. What famous general had a beard?
4. What is Eddie Foy's fourth child's middle name?
5. When a male quartette sings "Adeline" in A-flat, what note does the baritone take on the word "beams"?
6. What big league ball player chews tobacco?
7. What is the record for the six-day bicycle race?
8. Who threw the bomb in Wall Street?
9. Who is constable of the third ward in Niles, Michigan?
10. Why is C on a B-flat cornet B-flat on a piano?
11. What is the penalty if a runner does not go back and touch his base on an uncaught foul?
12. Who are the cheer leaders at Yale, Harvard, Drake, Northwestern, Ohio State, Baylor, Nebraska, Georgetown, and Pittsburg Universities, and the Peekskill Military Academy? What do they get? —Exchange

Two darkies were attempting to "out lie" one another. The first old negro said: When ah wuz in New Yok, ah wuz on a buildin' so high dat ah had to stoop to let the moon pass by.

The second old negro replied: Wall sah, dat's nothin'. Do you all remember dat man in da moon dat you saw?

First negro: Yassa.

Second negro: Wall, ah tell ya man that guy wuz me. —Exchange

A Chicago barber indulged in a propensity for relating weird stories while serving his customers.

"Why," some one asked him, "do you persist in telling these blood-curdling yarns while you cut a man's hair?"

"Well," explained the barber, "you see, when I tell scarey stories to my customers, their hair stands on end, and it makes it very much easier for me to cut it." —Exchange

Luck is the thing the other fellow's got.

POPULAR PLAYS

"To the Ladies"—Carl Stegemeier
 "The Laughing Lady"—Josephine Kennedy
 "Better Times"—John Fitzgerald
 "Daddies"—Adrian Pierce
 "Music Box Revue"—Louise Spillman
 "The Passing Show of 1923"—June Seniors
 "Miss Prim Passes By"—Louise Gordon
 "The Boomerang"—Leon Desautel
 "Honey Dew"—Bernitha Thomas
 "The Bird of Paradise"—Ruth Higgins
 "Rollo's Wild Oats"—Rolla Willy
 "The Girl of the Golden West"—Ruth Dinwiddie

"The Detour"—Sanders Myers
 "Seven Chances"—Leland Morgan, Ted Nicholas, Herbert James, Toby Maxwell, Chet Jordan, Al Rabe, Harold Shipley.

John: Grandpa, can you help me with this problem?

Grandpa: I could, but I don't think it would be right.

John: I don't suppose it would; but take a shot at it anyway. —*N. Y. Sun*

GREAT ANCESTORS

For almost an hour a gentleman from Denver had been boasting about the magnificence of the Rockies to an Irish New Yorker.

"You seem to be mighty proud ov thim mountains," the Irishman finally observed.

"You bet I am," the westerner replied. "And I ought to be, since my ancestors built them."

The Irishman thought this over for a few moments and then asked:

"Did you ever happen to hear ov the Dead Sea in—in one av the old countries?"

"Yes indeed," replied the gentleman from Denver. "I know all about the Dead Sea."

"Well, did you happen to know that me great-grandfather killed it?" —*Judge*

Senior (to rookie): How old are you?

Rookie: Twelve.

Senior: That's pretty young.

Rookie: I'd have been fourteen but I was sick two years.

—*The Review*

Charged with stealing a motor car, an Irishman is reported to have blamed a policeman. He asked the way to Streatham, and the officer said: "Take the car at the end of the road." —And he did.

VAULTING TO FAME

"How's your son getting along at school?"

"All right, he's got a job at some bank. He says he's putting a lot of time in the Pole Vault."

Mr. Jenkins was exceedingly bow-legged. He was standing before the fireplace drying himself, after coming in from a rainstorm, when little Edith, who lived next door, but who was spending the day at the Jenkins', rushed into the kitchen and cried, "Oh, come quick, Mrs. Jenkins—your husband is warping."

Minister: Deacon Jones, will you lead us in a word of prayer?

(Deacon snores peacefully).

Deacon (waking suddenly): It ain't my lead; I dealt. —*Exchange*

"Go thou, daughter," said a loving parent, handing her daughter a package of spearmint and a dictionary of slang, "go thou and be a stenographer." —*Exchange*

"I am thoroughly ashamed of this composition, Charles," said the teacher sternly, "and I shall certainly send for your mother and show her how badly you are doing."

"All right," said Charles, cheerfully, "send for her. Me mudder wrote it." —*Hi-Life*

Mary had a parrot tame,

She killed it in a rage,

Because when Mary's fellow came

The parrot told her age.

A comma is a very little mark, but it can make things clear; for instance, this was seen in the paper: Man accused of stealing flees from policeman. —*Exchange*

If money talks

As some folks tell,

To most of us

It says, "Farewell."

She: Why, you've got your shoes on the wrong feet.

He: I can't help it, they're the only feet I have. —*Exchange*

Musical Mother: If baby won't go to sleep bring her in here; I'll sing her something.

Nurse: I've already threatened her with that, Madame. —*Le Rire (Paris)*

Try My Own
Chemical Compounds

May Be Taken
Internally, Externally,
or Eternally.

Benjamin King's
Chemical Laboratory

The shop of
WANDA PARSONS

Hats of all Kinds
for the *Particular*
Woman

Our Specialty

Permanent Waving
and Manicuring

Norman Baxter
Kenneth Vandivier

Let Us Trip the
Light Fantastic at
Your Social Functions

Lester Cooley
Alvin Caldwell

PHOTOGRAPHY
Is Our Middle Name

"Let Us Take
Your Picture"

M. Turner
&
G. Kern

Let Me Keep
Your Dining Room in
Order

"Ma" Houser

The Secret of
Fifteen Minutes a Day
EARLIER

LET US TELL YOU

H. E. Dukes
&
F. Clemens

JUST OUT!
THAT CURE FOR
The Monday Morning
Blues
Miss M. Axtell

THE BLOOM OF
YOUTH RETURNED
SCIENTIFICALLY

At Our Modern
Beauty Parlor
PERMANENT COLORING
GUARANTEED

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TIFFANY'S ONLY RIVAL

PINS AND RINGS
WE SPECIALIZE
ON ALL SIZES
OF RINGS

Motions Seconded
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JOB LOT

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Try My Method
For Growing Tall

SOLD in
BOTTLES *ONLY*
Manual Leve

IDEAL MANAGEMENT

Artillery rookie (about to take his first lesson in horsemanship): Sergeant, please pick me out a nice, gentle, peace-loving horse.

Stable sergeant: D'ja ever ride a horse before? Rookie: No.

Sergeant: Ah! Here's just the animal for you. Never been ridden before. You can start out together.

—*Los Angeles Times*

Sadie was taken by her aunt to the bathroom after playing in the heat and dust, and, finding that she had forgotten the soap, the grimy little girl remarked:

"Aunt Mary, I am awful dirty; I don't believe you can get me clean with just dry water."—*The Way*.

Sam brought Mandy an alarm clock. Upon coming home that night he found her still playing with it.

Sam: "Whatcha messin' wid dat clock for?"

Mandy: "I no's everything 'bout dis here clock but one thing. What's dis 'F' and 'S'?"

Sam scratched his head—he considered himself very wise. "Lordy, Lordy, Mandy! You is so dum. 'F' stands fer—er—forenoon, woman!"

Mandy (with a broad grin): "Now, Sam, you's a regular Solomon. What's de 'S' for?"

Sam: "Oh, massa, woman, use yer brains. Dat 'S' is fer 'Safternoon." —*Exchange*

TOO MUCH SYSTEM

"There is too much system in this school business!" growled Tommy. "Just because I snickered a little, the monitor turned me over to the teacher, the teacher turned me over to the principal, and the principal turned me over to pa."

"Was that all?"

"No; pa turned me over his knee."

A father recently remarked to his daughter (who is a Glee Club member):

"Well, how're the joyful sticks to-day?"

"The what?" said the girl.

"The joyful sticks."

"Never heard of them."

"The Glee Club. Doesn't glee mean joyful, and aren't clubs sticks?"

"Oh, certainly, but the only thing sticky about us is our reputation and we're glad to have it stick!"

FOXY TRAMP

"No, sir, I ain't begging."

"Hey?"

"I'm just conducting a small drive for myself." He got a dime. —*Kansas City Journal*

Fritz's father discovered him reading a dime novel.

"Unhand me, villian," cried Fritz, "or there will be bloodshed."

"No," said his dad, "not bloodshed, woodshed." —*Exchange*

A stranger rang the door bell. Little eight-year-old Willie Jones opened the door.

"Is Mr. Jones in?" the caller inquired. Little Willie answered with formal politeness.

"I'm Mr. Jones, or did you wish to see old Mr. Jones?" —*Exchange*

DIDN'T WORK

Mrs. Gush: "How did your husband get run over?"

Mrs. Gass: "He was picking up a horseshoe for luck."

Teacher: "What does Darwin's theory say?"

Pupil: "Darwin says that our ancestors came from monkeys, but my mamma told me that mine came from Wales."

May Dame Fortune ever smile on you, but not her daughter, Miss Fortune.

Mother (In 1946): William, what did you study in school to-day?

Bill Day, Jr.: Well, we had two films of geometry and one of Virgil. —*Exchange*

RUDE INVITATION

"Stop Here—Lobster."

Prof: The geologist is used to thinking in terms of centuries.

Boy: Gosh! I just loaned a geologist five bones. —*Exchange*

Percy: "Stubbs, where was Babe Ruth born?"

Stubbs: "Couldn't tell you, Percy."

Percy: "Well, where was Jack Dempsey born?"

Stubbs: "I don't know that either."

Percy: "I thought you took American history."

Troubles seem to be like bananas—they come in bunches.

Autographs

